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THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.

THE NORMANDY CIDER-PRESS IN THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.—[SEE PAGE 150.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

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SENATOR HILL'S LATEST EXPLOIT.



SENATOR HILL has again illustrated his contempt of public opinion and his indifference to the public welfare. At a time of acute business disturbance and financial stringency, when the whole country is waiting anxiously for a restoration of confidence as essential to the rehabilitation of our industries and monetary system, this representative

of the Empire State joins hands with croaking malignants of the Senate in an attempt to aggravate the existing distrust and embarrass the efforts of those who are seeking to arrest the tide of disaster.

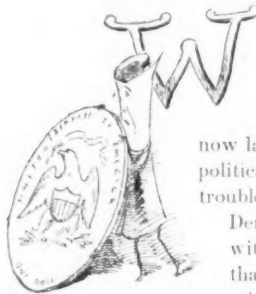
It is recognized by every man of common sense that the financial interests of the country are most intimately connected with the national banking system; that whatever imperils the banks of our great business centres, or tends to weaken the public confidence in their stability and integrity of management, must necessarily jeopardize the public welfare. During the whole of the present crisis the national banks have discharged their trust to the mercantile and industrial community with exceptional courage and fidelity, honestly employing all their vast resources for the general relief. The value of this service, rendered along sound business lines, in support of individual and general credit, has been immeasurable. It is this very service which Senator Hill, with characteristic fatuity, now makes the basis of his assault. The New York banks have been for some time issuing clearing-house certificates in order to diminish as much as possible the paralyzing effects of the prevalent financial disturbance. In other words, they have been, voluntarily, pledging their credit to help the business community. This proceeding is not a new thing; it has been resorted to two or three times before in like seasons of distress, and is justified by the results of experience as well as by sound business considerations. But such action is a technical violation of the law—just such a departure from its strict letter as, in exigencies where the public safety is the supreme concern, becomes necessary and inevitable. Senator Hill, however, sees in the services of these institutions nothing of merit, while the fact that the limitations of the law have been transgressed fills him with horror and alarm. So, striding into the Senatorial arena, he demands that the banks shall be immediately subjected to official investigation, lending his indorsement to covert insinuations that their management and methods are not what they ought to be—assuming, in fact, that they are guilty of irregularities and, therefore, unworthy of confidence.

Senator Hill is not a lunatic; he cannot plead ignorance as to the service which the banks have rendered the State for which he speaks, and he knows as well as he knows anything that every word and act which discredits them with the public tends directly to augment existing business disorders. There can be but one characterization of his course; it is that of a knave, an enemy of the public weal—one who, to accomplish petty personal ends or appease cherished hates, would sacrifice principle, country, everything which patriots value.

Senator Hill prates about the sacredness of law. When did he obey any law, or make pretense of respect for law, when it stood in the way of his knavish purposes? His public career, from its beginning down to this hour, has been conspicuously odious for its contempt of law and the restraints of sound morals; there never has been a time when he was not prepared to steal a Legislature, ravage a ballot-box, or perpetrate any infamy promising personal or political advantage. It is too late for David B.

Hill to set up as the champion of law. His deviltries have been too ostentatious and too long continued to be obscured by any apings of virtue now, no matter how vociferous or spectacular they may be.

ONE QUESTION AT A TIME.



WE notice that some Republican newspapers which have maintained a non-partisan attitude in reference to the existing financial derangement are now laboring to turn the situation to political account by attributing all our troubles to the distrust created by Democratic threats of interference with the tariff. It seems to us that this change of position is a mistaken one and must injure

party in the estimation of conservative citizens. Our own view has been that the question which presses for settlement is in no sense political; that whether the business crisis is or is not due to the silver-coinage policy, that is the actual, present factor, and certainly contributes to the prevailing disturbance; and that it is the part of wisdom to deal with each subject singly, as it presents itself, with a view of securing relief from present ills, instead of delaying remedial legislation because of a difference of opinion as to their real source. Conjecture is altogether out of place as a basis of action in such an emergency as is now upon us. The debasement of our currency is a fact; the disturbance of values, as a result of its depreciation, is a fact. Deal with those facts as they exist. The menace of hostility to the protective policy is as yet only a menace; the hostile purpose may and it may not be carried out in positive enactment. It may be that the repeal of the Silver act will not restore prosperity to the country; if it does not, then the Republican party, if assisting in its repeal, will be all the stronger with the people, because it has risen above partisanship in an honest effort to promote the public interests; and because, in the second place, it will be able to show all the more effectively, with the silver factor eliminated, that the real source of difficulty is in the Democratic tariff attitude. But if with the repeal of the Sherman act in the face of Republican opposition confidence should return and business revive, how could the party justify itself in the popular estimation?

UNSAFE LEADERSHIP.



IT is to be regretted that the unemployed workmen of this and other cities permit themselves to be represented, in all their demonstrations of discontent, by agitators of the anarchist and socialist school. These persons are for the most part mere mischief-makers, who use the existing business depression as a pretext for foment-

ing violence and outrage—fellows of the pestilent sort, whose sole remedy for all social and industrial ills is murder and pillage. Largely these agitators are aliens who have been spawned upon our shores from the anarchist centres of Europe, and who are at war here, as they were there, with law and civilization. It is amazing that intelligent American workmen should tolerate the leadership of wretches like these. They ought to know that in doing so they repel the sympathy of the great body of our people and make all the more difficult, if not impossible, the correction of the evils of which they complain.

In another respect, the laboring classes are scarcely less unfortunate, and that is in the fact that many of their so-called natural leaders, men of intelligence, integrity, and sincerity of purpose, wholly misconceive the character of the crisis, and as a result insist upon utterly impracticable methods of relief. Here, for instance, is Mr. Samuel Gompers, the head of the Federation of Labor, an honest and reputable man, urging the pernicious theory that the "wealth-holding classes are responsible for all the misery of the great army of unemployed workmen; and that they must furnish the means to maintain the manhood and womanhood of the country." Is it possible that Mr. Gompers really believes that all the business and monetary derangement which has come upon the country has been stimulated by the capitalistic class; that manufacturers and bankers and managers of railways, and the great body of employers of every sort and kind, have deliberately precipitated a calamity involving a shrinkage of values, failures, suspensions, and general paralysis, amounting in a loss to this very class of hundreds of millions? If Mr. Gompers is possessed of any such delusion as this he is the very blindest of leaders of the blind. Does he believe, too, that the unemployed have a right of reprisal, and may confiscate at will, for their own benefit, the property of the rich and the prosperous? That is the gospel of theft and piracy, and if Mr. Gompers supposes that he is contributing to the promotion of the interests of labor, or indicating a method by which the prevalent distress can be

relieved, he is fatally mistaken; he is practically at one with the anarchists who, the other day, at the meeting in Union Square, proclaimed the doctrine of force: "If the capitalists don't give you bread, take it. Force against force. You have built the palaces. Go ask for bread; demand it, and then, failing to get it, use force. Long live anarchy!"

The times are undoubtedly out of joint, and the number of the unemployed is unusually large. But there is no evidence as yet of serious suffering; certainly none which justifies the clamor of the professional agitators. If suffering comes, and there is need of help, it will be supplied. Nobody will be permitted to starve, whether worthy or otherwise. But measures of relief will not be quickened by the clamor of alien disturbers, or the unwise preachments of those mistaken persons who assume to be the especial champions of the poor. Self-respecting workmen can render no higher service to society and themselves than by withdrawing all countenance from both these classes of presumptuous leaders. The time has not yet come in the United States when the right of property can be overthrown by vaporing demagogues, or when real or imaginary disorders in business and finance can be cured by an appeal to revolution.

WESTERN MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

THE executive committee of the Pan-American Bimetallic Association has issued from Denver a call to representatives of the association in thirty-two States, the Eastern States being omitted, and in all the countries of South and Central America and old Mexico, to meet at St. Louis, October 3d, 1893. The call contains this very remarkable, false, and mischievous declaration:

"It is very evident that the centre of the conspiracy in this country to utterly demolish silver and thrust the United States upon a single metallic standard—that of gold—for its currency, is in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. The press of those cities has become so thoroughly subservient to the end of the conspirators, and has so imbued the minds of the people of the States in which these cities are and the surrounding States, that they have all become hostile to the welfare and advancement of the people of the West and South. . . . In the name of honest money these States are parties to the spoliation of our sections, and the cities named are the prime instigators of the crime."

It seems almost incredible that any sane man could have penned such a document, or that the brains of a body of men, in solemn consultation, could have evolved such utter trash. There has never been a time in the history of these United States when a better opportunity was offered to all public men or public bodies to unite upon a question of national importance in a fair and non-sectional spirit than is presented in the solution of this silver question. And yet here is the representative association of silverites calmly declaring that there exists in the Eastern States a widespread "conspiracy" to annihilate "the welfare and advancement of the South and West." It is the deliberate conviction of this journal and the impression everywhere throughout this "calamity-dealing East," that every silver mine, railroad, bank, manufacturing plant, business enterprise, and every description of industry throughout the South and West, owes its existence to the credit and financial support accorded it by Eastern capital; and yet because the people of the East are resolved upon a fixed standard for values, North, South, East, and West—it may be gold or iron—these Western mischief-makers declare that the people of this section are so many cold-blooded, senseless conspirators, intent only upon tearing down the house which they so willingly assisted in building.

It is unnecessary to deny the existence of any such public sentiment. It may be well, however, to point out to the people of the West and South—not to the deluded idiots who comprise the Bimetallic Association, for they are past help—that the people in the Eastern cities herein named, and all their neighbors, are in a conspiracy;—a conspiracy to defeat the selfish and unpatriotic silver-mine owners and their attorneys in Congress in their attempt to foist upon this country bankruptcy and national dishonor. This is the conspiracy in which the participants do not need to hide their heads, and to which every sensible, patriotic man is a contributor. What this Eastern conspiracy demands is a fixed standard of values for the whole country; a circulating medium adjusted to the conditions and justified by the experience of universal commerce, and gold being such a standard, these conspirators resist, and will resist, any policy which makes its adoption impossible.

Another "freak" of accusation against the East crops up in the appeal of the officers and employes of the state house at Topeka, Kansas, requesting the Governor of Missouri to call a convention of representatives from the West and South "for the cultivation of mutual relations, and for securing freedom from the East in business affairs." For some indefinable reason our fellow-citizens in the West and South, and their representatives in this case, have joined hands with the bimetallic mischief-makers and hunted up another "conspiracy" in the East. We expect to hear at any moment that the business men of the East, urged on by the press and Wall Street "ghouls," are holding hourly meetings in the vaults of the United States Sub-Treasury to devise means by which all their Southern and Western business friends may be driven

into financial ruin. This charge would not be one whit more idiotic than the opinion advanced in the above appeal to the Governor of Missouri. We have not heard whether or how the Governor has responded to this call, but we herewith take occasion to remind him that no opportunity of his life has ever been so great as the one provided for him here. A few well-chosen philippics would be like a glorious rain-storm after such a drought of common sense and public spirit.

We have the fullest respect for all honest differences of opinion upon this much complicated financial question. But such appeals to sectional animosity as are embodied in these two calls are absolutely indefensible upon any ground whatever, and we are loath to believe that the lack of commercial sense and probity of which both these calls inadvertently accuse their own adherents, is representative of either the patriotism, the honor, or the progressive spirit of the best people in the West or South. No patriotic journal or citizen of the Eastern States can allow such malicious aspersions to pass by without a prompt and vehement denial. We are but one people upon all national questions, and there is no East banded against any other section excepting in fraternal good-fellowship and abiding faith.

PROHIBITION IN IOWA.



FOR ten years the question of liquor prohibition has disturbed the politics of Iowa. The first prohibition enactment was adopted in 1882, in the form of an amendment to the constitution, but was subsequently set aside by the Supreme Court as unconstitutional. In 1884 another act was passed, much more stringent in its provisions, and this has been from time to time strengthened by other laws designed to facilitate its enforcement and totally suppress the liquor traffic. The Republicans have from the first supported the policy of prohibition, and although suffering from its advocacy, have, until the present year, resisted all attempts to modify or repeal it. The effect of this attitude upon the party fortunes is shown by the fact that the Republican plurality in general elections has declined from seventy-eight thousand in 1880 to twenty-four thousand one year ago; that it has twice lost the Governorship—in 1889 and 1891—and has only saved the Legislature on two or three occasions by narrow majorities, and that it lost local control in several counties where, ten years ago, it was supreme.

It is not surprising that the change of public sentiment on the question of prohibition indicated in this decline in the vote of the party which had enacted and uniformly sustained the law should have led to a new departure by the Republicans at their recent State convention. They had enacted the law originally because the people had declared in its favor by a majority of about thirty thousand in a total vote of two hundred and eighty-one thousand, and because it was believed that it would practically extinguish the enormous evils at which it was aimed. They have stood by it unflinchingly in the face of tremendous opposition and at the risk of party disaster, meaning that the experiment should have a fair and ample test, until it has become apparent that popular opinion is overwhelmingly against it, and that it cannot possibly, in a large part of the State, accomplish any effective reduction of the liquor traffic. Out of ninety-nine counties, thirty-nine cast anti-prohibition majorities in 1891, and there is not a populous centre anywhere in the State where liquor is not sold openly. Confronted by facts like these, the Republican State Convention frankly abandoned the support of prohibition as "a test of Republicanism" heretofore insisted upon, and in a formal resolution relegated the whole question to the Legislature, "to take such action as it may deem just and best in the matter, maintaining the present law in those portions of the State where it is now or can be made efficient, and give to the localities such methods of controlling and regulating the liquor traffic as will best serve the cause of temperance and morality."

The wisdom of this course cannot be doubted. Undoubtedly it will alienate a few ultra-prohibitionists, but it will bring back to the party thousands of conservative voters who have been estranged by its prohibition attitude. The local-option method suggested by the platform is that which has been adopted in some other States and has commended itself by its results. It leaves the whole question of dealing with the traffic to each individual community, to be determined for itself alone, and it has the advantage that under it the prevailing policy can be at any time modified without a resort to the slow processes of legislation. It makes local opinion, which is supreme as to matters of smaller local concern, supreme also as to this subject of the very highest import. The result of this new departure of the Republicans will probably be the early repeal of the prohibitory law, the Democrats having always opposed it, and the substitution of local option and high license in its place, to the advantage rather than the harm of temperance and morality.

A NON-PARTISAN JUDICIARY.

SOME time ago a Democratic judge of the Superior Court of Marion County, Indiana, being disabled by illness, designated a Republican of ability and character to occupy the Bench until he should recover. Continuing to fail in health, and realizing that recovery was impossible, the dying judge addressed a letter to the Democratic Governor of the State, asking as a personal favor that the executive would appoint as his successor the temporary incumbent of the judicial office, whom he declared to be a man of the highest integrity and entirely competent to discharge the duties of the place. The request was perhaps unusual, and possibly no one, remembering that the Governor is a pronounced partisan, would have been surprised if it had been disregarded. But the Governor proved himself equal to the occasion; he appointed the Republican to be judge, and in doing so justified his action by the following reasons:

"I believe it to be the right thing to do. I believe that the original intention and spirit of the law is that the judiciary shall be non-partisan. It may not have been thus written, but the unwritten language of the law is plain: it is to the effect that justice and worth, and not political service, shall lead to the Bench."

At a time when the judicial office is so largely prostituted to unworthy partisan ends, and the standard of equipment is so often adjusted to suit political necessities, this high-minded declaration and patriotic action of Indiana's Governor will be received with genuine satisfaction by all who are concerned for the purity and ability of the Bench. What a contrast this action presents to that of Governor Flower in appointing Maynard a judge of the highest court of the Empire State! Here was a man who had engaged in a conspiracy against the rights of the people, using an office to which they had elected him to defeat their expressed will, not hesitating to connive at, if he did not participate in, wholesale debaucheries of the ballot-box to achieve his desperate ends. The theft of the State Senate was a crime against law and public morals, and every man who was concerned in its perpetration deserved popular execration. Instead of that, Maynard, a principal agent in the conspiracy, was rewarded by appointment to judicial office, and that, too, in face of the protests of every prominent lawyer in the State, and in full recognition of the further fact that such an appointment must degrade the Bench in the public estimation and make it more than ever the tool of partisan ambitions. Governor Flower has manifested in some things a just appreciation of his responsibilities as executive of this imperial commonwealth, but in thus putting a premium upon political rascality and elevating to an office charged with the interpretation and maintenance of law and the administration of justice one who had defied both law and justice in the interest of party, he committed an outrage upon decency which no meritorious performance can ever condone. An upright, fearless judiciary is the last defense of the people against wrong and oppression, and the man who pollutes it or introduces into it any element of deterioration is a public enemy. That is the offense of Governor Flower, and he may live long enough to realize that it had been better for him if, when the political "bosses" commanded him to elevate a dishonored man to the highest judicial office of the State, he had asserted his manhood and refused to do so on the ground advanced by the Democratic Governor of Indiana, namely, that "justice and worth, and not political service, should lead to the Bench."

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

A GANG of dirty Italians who were recently taken from Brooklyn to Jersey City to unload a steamer lying at the latter port refused to go to work unless all the American longshoremen employed on the piers were discharged. It really begins to look as if native-born citizens of this republic have no rights which squalid and brawling aliens are bound to respect. The only surprising thing about the incident referred to is that the demand of the Italians was not complied with. Seeing how abject we are becoming in our submission to the insolence of our imported rulers, this refusal to acquiesce in a reasonable insistent must be regarded as really phenomenal.

It is to be hoped that there is no foundation for the statement that the new House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization has been constituted with reference to a modification of the existing immigration laws. These laws are quite liberal enough as they are, and any attempt to widen the door by which immigrants reach our shores would certainly meet with popular disapproval. What is really needed is legislation greatly enlarging the proscribed class, and the party which will enact this, and at the same time so change our naturalization laws as to make the attainment of the rights of citizenship more difficult than it now is, will commend itself to the approbation of all right-minded Americans.

THE acquisition of the Cherokee Outlet, which will be open to settlement on the 15th inst., rescues six million acres of Indian Territory from the possession of the Indians, and by that much enlarges the area of the white

man's authority and enterprise. This territory has been in possession of the Cherokees for nearly half a century, and is now acquired by purchase for the sum of eight million dollars. The regulations instituted by the government provide for the reservation in each county of sites for public buildings, for parks, schools, and other public purposes; and with a view of securing an equitable distribution of the land, and preventing sharp practice on the part of intending settlers, each person desiring to enter upon the lands for the purpose of making a homestead entry will be required to appear on the day of opening before an official of the general land office, conveniently located, and make a satisfactory declaration as to his qualification to make such entry or to become a settler. It is not probable that these regulations will altogether prevent fraudulent seizures of coveted sites, but they will certainly make impossible a repetition of the wild and disgraceful scrambles which have marked some previous territorial opening days.

THE spectre of "the man on horseback" no longer has a respectable following in France. Boulangerism, once so serious a menace to the republic, has been practically obliterated. So, too, the royalist party is obviously losing ground. At the recent elections the moderate Republicans gained all along the line, and their preponderance in the Assembly is larger than ever before. Besides, their majority is more coherent, and will not depend, as heretofore, upon the co-operation of the Radical Left. In the past the Conservatives and Radicals have been able, by joining forces, to overturn every moderate Republican ministry, and this fact has operated greatly to the detriment of the republic, preventing wholesome progress and making stability of administration impossible. The decisive triumph of the moderate Liberals in the late elections may be accepted as a proof that the people have at last tired of this condition of affairs, and mean that popular government shall no longer be exposed to the hazards of assault from pretended friends within as well as avowed enemies without. It looks very much as if, in spite of her mistakes and instability of purpose, France has at last outgrown her love of royalty and definitely accepted the republican idea and all that it signifies.

THERE are indications here and there of a business revival which cannot but afford encouragement for the future. What is most needed now is courage and patience. The truth is that the prevailing distrust is largely without justification in existing facts. The country is not by any means bankrupt, nor has it lost all its recuperative energy. It has immense resources which no panic can affect. It is claimed by some vociferous calamity howlers of this metropolis that the working people are suffering unprecedented privations. Many persons of this class are undoubtedly reduced to sore straits from the want of employment, but there are few, whose habits are temperate and provident, who are in actual want. Official reports show that on the 1st of July last the number of depositors in the savings banks of this State was greater by 65,709 than on the same date of the previous year, while the amount due depositors had increased from \$610,560,031 to \$642,931,377. When it is remembered that these deposits represent, largely, the savings of the working classes, it is difficult to believe that they are in danger of being submerged by the present depression of business. The situation is not as favorable as it might be, but it might be worse, and one way to make it so is to yield to panicky exaggerations of the real facts. Let everybody keep just as cool as possible, and so contribute to the restoration of confidence and ultimate prosperity.

ONE of the most effective arguments so far made in Congress in favor of the unconditional repeal of the silver-purchase act is that of Senator Morrill of Vermont. This venerable Senator, who has served in Congress continuously for thirty-eight years, has always been distinguished for conscientiousness of purpose and independence of spirit as to every question involving the public good, and especially so in all legislation affecting the national credit. It was not surprising, therefore, that the closing words of his recent speech were marked by an elevation of tone and freedom from partisanship. He said:

"No government can be sustained which does not fulfill its pledges in good faith. The public debt, national and State, and all other contracts, by our recorded pledges, are payable in legal tender on a parity with gold. The honor of the country may be in peril. Whatever policy will relieve the public distress will be my policy. Whatever party favors the public credit will have my favor. Whatever measures support public honor will have my support."

This is the language of a statesman with whom the public interests count for everything, and the interests for party for nothing except as party may be made a means to patriotic ends. And, whatever may be said to the contrary, this is the attitude which commands the approval of the great body of the people. The masses have no sympathy with those men of either party who are seeking to make political capital out of the existing situation. Their one desire is that a cure may be found as speedily as possible for the prevailing ills, and whoever does most, with real unselfishness of purpose, to supply this relief, will stand highest in their favor.



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THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CONGRESS AT CHICAGO—THE HIERARCHY IN THE UNITED STATES.—FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY D. H. ANDERSON, BROADWAY, NEW YORK



THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE BUILDING.



THE VERMONT STATE BUILDING.

THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO—THE MASSACHUSETTS AND VERMONT STATE BUILDINGS.
 PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR OWN PHOTOGRAPHER.—[SEE PAGE 159.]

THE OLD RED BRIDGE.

"T'ey're tearing down t' old red bridge!" says Ben to me las' night.
 "An' putting up a spider-nest 'at's painted blue an' w'ite!"
 It look like Ben wass mad 'bout 'at, now didn't it?—an' me—
 I wassn't mad; but yit I sough't it couldn't hardly be.
 Account t'at old red bridge got done t'e day 'at I wass born;
 So we wass kind a twins, you see; an' I kin plow my corn
 An' mow my oats! I'd like to know for w'y a bridge like t'at
 Has got to be tore down so soon! I took my cane an' hat
 T'is morning an' walked down to ascertain if it wass true.
 T'e spider nest wass going up—an' looking handsome, too.
 I might as well acknowledge. But I want to tell you t'is:
 It ain't t'e kind a bridge a feller'd hunt to grab a kiss
 Off of his girl! An' t'at's t'e reason Ben wass mad; he'd chust
 Got well enough acquainted wiss t'e daughter of Bill Trust.

I says, "T'at is a good ole bridge; w'y don' you let it be?"
 T'e boss he says, "Back number!"—so—chust t'at a way, says he!
 An' I've been sinking 'bout t'at sing, an' now I'll bet a cent
 'At w'en he spoke t'at word I wass t'e werry man he meant!
 Well, you ken easy see 'at t'at'd mek a feller mad;
 Account I'm no back number yit! I bet a cow I had
 More fun on t'at ole bridge 'an t'at smart feller efer saw
 Sence he wass born! To tell it all would 'most wear out my jaw.
 W'y, chust t'at little word 'bout spiders brings up t'at ole lie,
 "Will you walk inside my parlor says t'e spider to t'e fly?"
 Account I use' to fool t'e girls inside t'e bridge, also—
 I'd tell em it wass not quite safe to cross t'e creek below;
 Or skeer 'em o'erways like t'at, tell t'ey'd forgit; an' t'en—
 It wass t'e fly an' spider business multiplied by ten.
 It's chust one girl I couldn't fool, an' her front name wass Jane.
 W'en she went 'cross, t'at bridge froze up like it wass off in Maine
 Instead of Pennsylvania. If you know a couple springs
 W'ere you ken see t'e images of spooky kind a sings.
 Wiss shadders in t'e water, colored blue account t'e skies
 Above, an' always laughing—t'at wass chus like Jane's two eyes.
 An' if you've seen some corn-silk—t'at's her hair; an' w'en she'd
 speak

It look like some one cut a oxheart cherry. An' her cheek
 Wass like a sunburnt peach, except chust here a little hole—
 A—w'at you call—a *timple*! Yes, an' straight as a bean-pole.
 Of course she didn't stay exsac'y like t'at—of course not,
 Because t'e older she become t'e pootier she got.
 Yessir! Account she's faded an' her cheeks not quite so fat,
 An' stoops a little, an' looks tired; you air surprised at t'at?
 Well, I haf' got a idee in my head 'at w'en a girl

Kin laugh like Jane she's like one of t'em oysters wiss a pearl
 Inside, 'at keeps a gitting pootier tell it breaks erough
 T'e outside. If you'd seen my Jane you'd know 'at t'at is true.
 Yessir! I'll nefer change my mind 'bout 'at. I'd go wissout
 A mind afore I'd turn my sentiments all inside out!
 W'ere wass I? Oh,—t'is log wass in t'e bridge in t'e past tense;
 It's got our names on—Jane's an' mine toget'er—efer sence
 T'e picnic w'en it rained so, in September, Forty two.
 An' 'round 'em, in a ring, "No knife ken cut our lofe in two."
 We staid inside, I mind it well, my Jane wass dressed in pink,
 An'—we'd a had a drier time in t'is bridge. W'at you sink?
 It seem chust like it wass las' week! My! don' a man git old
 As quick as lightening after w'ile, an' eferysing gits cold
 Chust w'en a feller wants 'em warm! Doggone it would be some
 Excuse if satch ole bygone fellers took to drinking rum.
 Ha! I just ketcht myself now wiss my hand up at my ear.
 An' talking *soft* to t'is ole log, like *it* could talk an' hear!
 Well, I remember sings 'at happened sixty years ago
 A good deal better 'an t'e ones chust back a mont' or so.
 An' *my*! w'at lots of 'em occurred around t'at ole red bridge!
 Some foanny, like t'e time t'e preacher's blind mare missed t'e ridge
 An' bosc fell in t'e water; an' some serious, like t'e day
 T'e soldiers marched across wiss muffled trums—an' our Clay.
 I hear 'em yit a tramping-tramp! You efer heerd t'at sound?
 Well, if you had a boy shot you would—*always*—I'll be bound.
 An' o'er sings occurred 'at wassn't chust exsac'y gay,
 But I'm a-talking oonly of t'e pleasant sings to-day.
 An' 'bout t'e best I remember happened one dark night
 A-coming home from meeting. Says I, "Jane, it don't seem right
 'At you don't pay no bridge toll. Efer y' o'er girl but you—"
 (She says, "How do you know it?") "Now, don' mek' a great to-do
 About a little sing; an' as you'e nefer paid before
 I'll take enough—" I did, an' saw a million stars or more.
 But it wass wort' a firmament; for inside sixty days
 We crossed ag'in, an' Jane politely paid her toll—*bose ways*,
 Wiss no astronomy mixed in. An' afterwards, sometimes,
 She'd take t'e toll because she said I had to hole t'e lines—
 Account t'e mare might run away an' kill us! Only sink!
 Might run away! An' *kill us*! W'y, she'd look around an' vink!
 Lord! She wass in t'e secret—t'at ole mare wass—w'y, of course!
 I nefer had no better friend 'an t'at ole female horse.
 An' if you nefer had no friend of horse or cow or dog
 You don't know w'at a good friend is no more 'n t'is red log;
 No, sir! Well, t'en a lot of us crossed o'er in a string.
 An' Jane wass dressed in w'ite an' wore a kind a wedding-ring

I'd got to bind t'e bargain. I had on a coat so tight
 I couldn't hardly git it on t'at day, nor off t'at night.
 My boots t'ey smashed my feet, also, my stoffe pipe hurt my head;
 But w'at of t'at? It wass t'e wedding march wiss us ahead!
 Well, soon we crossed to christen Henry Clay 'at's shot, an' t'en
 Likewise we crossed wiss Jane an' John an' Sue, an' lastly, Ben.
 But we'd been crossing now an' t'en wiss o'er girls in white,
 An' boys wiss satting weskets on, an' clot'ing not so tight,
 An' gitting furt'er back in t'e percession always, till
 We brung up in t'e rear an' got ourselves called Jack an' Jill.
 Well, we wass dogged ole-fashioned, I expect, t'e whole blame rig;
 I had t'e same ole hat an' coat, t'e same ole mare an' gig
 I drove w'en we crossed o'er to git married; an' my Jane
 T'e same w'ite dress an' bonnet—you ken sink we looked right plain.
 T'ey cl an' forgot us after w'ile; but we wass always t'ere,
 As happy as t'e happiest—away back in t'e rear.
 An' all t'e time our children had been crossing chust like us,
 As if t'ey wass t'e first an' last 'at efer got a buss
 On t'at ole bridge. W'y, Jane an' me wass still exchanging toll;
 An' Jane wass still believing 'at t'e o'er mare's o'e foal
 Might run away! An' *kill us*! Our boys took toll like m,
 Our girls paid it to o'er boys like Jane. God bless 'em! We
 Would wink an' smile behind t'eir backs, an' cry some—Jane did—
 chust

Because t'e Lord had made 'em of t'e same ole kind a dust.
 Well, one by one our boys an' girls passed o'er an' wass j'ined
 In holy matrimony, an' went off an' left behind
 Chust little Ben, to vistle in t'e empty house; an' he
 Don't vistle much chust now, account t'e girl he goes to see
 Went 'cross t'e bridge last night along a feller from t'e town.
 Says I, "It's o'ers, Ben." He says, "You sink so?" looking down
 No, no; I didn't sink so, Ben; it's sounsands—millions, too.
 For o'ers, but I'm glad, ole Ben, it's only one for you;
 Account t'at wass my own way, Ben, w'en it come down to *lofe*
 T'e Lord he sent chust *one* for me an' sent her from above.
 Chust—chust—I hope she'll nefer let t'at o'er feller take
 No toll on t'at new bridge—chust—chust for Ben's an' her own sake.
 Last harvest all t'e boys an' girls crossed wiss us onct ag'in;
 It made my ole heart break to see 'em—most of 'em our kin;
 An' all wass dressed in t'eir ole wedding clothes from foot to head,
 An' Jane an' me wass out in front onct more—chust—Jane wass dead.

I wish t'ey could a let t'e ole bridge stand aw'ile, because
 It wouldn't be so lonely w'en I take my trip across.

JOHN LUTHER LONG.

A PULLMAN-CAR EPISODE.

By CHARLES SUMNER CLARK.

I HAD just dropped my numerous traps on the front seat of section eight, car number twelve, of the Chicago limited, which left New York City on Tuesday of last week, when the brakeman cried "All aboard!" the engineer opened the throttle, the engine began to labor, and by the time the last car had reached the end of that vast Jersey City shed the train was at full speed, bearing its precious freight—I say precious because every one had a full pocket-book, and necessarily so—to the World's Fair.

Unlike most men, I travel without either a silk skull-cap, a smoking-jacket, a duster, or a pair of home-made slippers, for my street clothes and ecceteras are comfortable enough, and even if they were positive torture, all-possessing vanity forbids that I should make an uncomely spectacle of my carefully-adorned person, as some careless-of-appearance sybarites are wont to do in their journeyings. So, without wasting time in getting into *deshabille*, I sank into the unoccupied seat and viewed the passing landscape until my head began to ache. Then I turned my attention, not to a book, but to my fellow-passengers, in the hope of finding among them a pleasant companion—male or female, it did not matter which. The one I could smoke with and win money from in a friendly game; the other I could flirt with and spend money on for dinner, bon-bons, fruit, and novels. So I let my eyes wander.

Sitting directly opposite me was a girl. One glance was enough to tell me that she was divine in features, form, and dress. Of course, having glanced once I glanced again, and at the second glance I thought I detected something familiar about her. Where had I seen her? The third glance solved the question.

Five years ago, when twenty-one, I spent the summer at Richfield, and there met Margie Fenton. Margie was fair, with laughing eyes, cherry lips, and a figure of willowy grace. Margie, too, was rich—or, at least, her father was. Can you blame me for falling in love with her?

Ah, what a summer we spent! Rides, drives, dances, dinners, luncheons, tennis, moonlight rambles, and, best of all, long talks in dark corners where hands were clasped and vows of eternal love were exchanged. And so we lived in elysium; the pleasures of each day marred only by regret that its passage brought the season nearer to its close.

September 25th was the day set by the Fen-

tons for their departure. I had to stay longer because my mother, supreme in her ownership of the pocket-book, so wished. Shall I ever forget the day? The train left in the early forenoon, and with it went the sun-line of my life, leaving me inconsolable. My only comfort was in writing letters. This I did at the rate of five a day for one week; but as Margie wrote only seven in that time, I, fearing that I would annoy her, dropped to the same number. We kept it up for two months. Then she began to skip a day now and then, and so did I. After a little her ardor was represented by only two letters a week; mine by the same number. This rate was continued for about six months, when all of a sudden she stopped entirely, and I did likewise. Thus ended the same old story.

However, her eyes, her lips, and her figure had remained fresh in my memory. Glancing once more at her across the way I felt almost certain that she was Margie Fenton. There was a slight change in her figure, to be sure. She had grown more plump, as healthy girls are apt to do as the years go on; her hair, too, was probably a degree lighter, but that often happens with the druggist's aid. But the nose, the eyes, the mouth, I could not be mistaken in them. "Yet, if it is she why doesn't she recognize me?" I asked myself. "Surely she doesn't blame me for breaking our summer engagement?" She evidently did, however, for she never looked up from the book she held before her, though she knew that I was intently watching her. But this knowledge apparently caused her no annoyance, for her face wore a reguish smile, which could not have been provoked by the contents of her novel, since she was professing to read "Jess," and was looking at the pages near its painfully sad end. So I came to the conclusion that she was Margie, quite willing to renew acquaintance, but waiting for me to make the advance. This I was ready to do, for the sight of her dear face aroused all my old affection, and renewed the bonds which I wore with such pleasure in the days gone by.

While I sat trying to muster courage to address her, and just about the time I had succeeded, a dusky individual came through the train announcing, "Luncheon now ready in the dining-car!" The words acted upon my divinity with astonishing celerity. She dropped her book, utterly regardless of her place, and rising from her seat without even glancing in the mir-

rors that are so numerous in Pullman cars, passed out with a smile, but never a look in my direction. My first impulse was to follow her, but on second thoughts I decided differently. She answered the dusky individual's call with such avidity I reasoned that her hunger was her first consideration for the nonce; and when a girl is hungry there is a woeful lack of sentiment about her. So I sat still, framing a conversation for later use. I thought of many pretty things to say; then I thought of many more. An age seemed to have passed, but still she ate.

I smoked a couple of cigarettes; took a wee nip from a fellow's bottle; then I smoked another cigarette—but still she ate. I glanced over a railroad-guide which was stuck in a frame near the door; then I glanced over it again—but she kept on eating. I walked to the other end of the car and dropped into a seat which was occupied by a newspaper, from which I read advertisements—but still she ate. I looked at my watch; she had been gone forty-five minutes. "How can so lovely a creature have so vulgar an appetite?" I said, almost aloud. "Why, I wouldn't—" A ray of sunshine silvered the car. I looked up, and there she was. I turned my eyes quickly, for I was afraid her waistband or something else would give way, but after several seconds, no accident having happened, I gathered my courage, gave a hasty thought to my pretty sayings, and with a beating heart walked up to her and said:

"I beg your pardon, but are you not Miss Fenton, Miss Margie Fenton, of New York?"

She gazed up into my face, and as the color slowly mounted her cheeks, and a hundred little imp played games in her eyes, replied: "No; but I've been mistaken for her very, very often."

I was "set flat aback"—as the inelegant but forcible colloquialism has it—and could only stammer: "Par—pardon me. Pray don't think me forward, will you?"

"My! no, quite the contrary. Miss Fenton was a very pretty girl, and to be taken for her is quite flattering. She was also a dear friend of mine, and if you were acquainted with her that is sufficient recommendation. Won't you be seated?" And here the hundred little imps tagged at her pretty mouth until they had arched it in a most mischievous smile. She removed the books and boxes which littered the seat beside her so as to make room for me, but I stopped her, saying that I preferred riding

backward, which was the truth—I wanted to study her face.

This she seemed to understand, for taking a heavy black veil from her satchel, she tied it about her face just low enough to conceal her eyes, giving as an excuse for her action, that the jarring of the train loosened her curls.

There is something mysterious about you, my lady, I thought, as I hastily glanced at her traps in the hope of ascertaining her name. She watched me closely, and just as my eye caught sight of the little silver plate on her hand-bag she reached for it and placed it plate downward in her lap. Her object was so apparent that it embarrassed us both very much, but being a man I recovered more quickly than she, and set a trap.

"You snatched that satchel as though I were a thief, Miss—Miss—"

She took the bait. "Not miss at all," she replied, "but Mrs.—Mrs. Tommy Trenton Trix."

"Then you are married?" And half my interest in this pretty woman went out with the question.

"Yes; and Miss Fenton was at my wedding." She was silent a moment, and then continued: "I believe, too, that that was the last social event she ever attended."

"Did she retire within a convent?"

"No."

There seemed to be a touch of sadness in her voice. All kinds of horrible things suggested themselves to my mind. The love of the summer of 1888 came rushing upon me with cyclonic force. With a gigantic effort I managed to ask: "Is she dead?"

Mrs. Tommy Trenton Trix raised her veil and solemnly answered:

"No; married."

"To whom?"

Those hundred little imps were now holding high carnival. Her eyes beamed; her pretty lips were parted with impish mirth; even the dimples in her cheeks seemed to smile as she measuredly replied:

"To—Mr.—Tommy—Trenton—Trix."

"Then you were—" But here the dining-car man entered, crying: "Last call for luncheon!"

I hope Mrs. Tommy Trenton Trix did not hold the watch on me, for I was gone for many, many hours. Sorrow is a good bit like a cut—it's rather hard to drown. That's what kept me so long.

Jury Duty.

THE law says that, besides casting your vote in secret and in silence for the best man, the rights of citizenship also confer upon you the right and duty to sit in solemn judgment in the jury-box and adjudicate the whys and wherefores of your fellow-citizens. Perhaps upon arriving home, just in your busiest time of the year, you find on your hat-stand or hall-table a narrow, oblong sheet of yellow paper, which reads like this:

"SIR:—You have been drawn to serve as a trial juror, and are required to attend at the City Court of New York (Part 1st), to be held in Room 30, Old City Hall, in the city of New York, on Monday, the — of —, 1893, at 10 o'clock A.M., and there await the further order of the court.

JOHN J. GORMAN,
Sheriff."

At the top of this notice runs a very significant line printed in red, which reads thus: "The sheriff has no control over the jury-lists, and cannot excuse any person from jury duty." Was there ever a man who, upon reading such a notice, did not use very strong language? Unless you have some powerful political pull or can lie to the judge in a truthful manner, there is no evading this notice except with the liability of being fined.

It is, however, an amusing spectacle to see, after the entire panel has been called by the clerk, the long file of jurors who present themselves before the judge's desk, with their cogent and powerful reasons — to them — why they should not serve. The first man has a very solemn, even haggard look; he leans far over the rail and moans something in the judge's ear. "Boy or girl?" queries his honor with a smile. "Twins!" replies the suppliant jurymen in a hoarse whisper. "Mr. Smith is excused for the balance of the term," is the judge's answer, and there is a shade of compassion in his tones, while the reasons having become known to his fellows in captivity, the not-over-proud father is "guyed" remorselessly until he makes good his exit and escape. Then comes a man who has become so deaf since he received his jury notice that he can hardly see to read. It is curious what a number of cripples manage to get into a jury panel. There is hardly an ill that flesh is heir to that is not represented; but his honor, by a long and extended experience in anatomy and liars, sifts out pretty well, and few pass that desk who should serve.

Then, too, there is the mysterious runner or crier of the court, who asks in the corridor whether "you expect to serve the whole term," and is evidently figuring on a "combine." This parasite is one of those about a court-house you want to keep clear of; to come in contact with him is pitch.

After the jury is struck and have taken their seats in the box, they are sworn. The clerks hold one or two grimy Bibles, which all are supposed to touch, then the oath is administered, and the "twelve good men and true" are ready for business. The judge at once says — addressing counsel for both sides — "Gentlemen, are you satisfied with the jury?" Mr. Podgkins for the plaintiff, of Podgkins, Hodgkins & Sniffkins, rises and gravely asks if any of the gentlemen of the jury are acquainted with his learned friend, Mr. Jacob Bernheim, of Bernheim, Rosenheim & Vokelheim, or their client, Mr. Ignatz Stein. The "twelve good men and true" stare blankly at the people at issue; occasionally there is a challenge, and the lucky juror is excused; then the counsel for the defendant, Mr. Jacob Bernheim, rises in turn and gravely propounds the same formula, of course referring to his opponent as my learned friend, until the greenhorn jurymen are firmly impressed that he is in the presence of two of the shining lights of the Bar. The case then opens. It is surprising what fools the average business men can make of themselves when they lose their temper and head with it. Recently a wealthy citizen allowed himself to be sued by his saddler and harness maker for \$62.50; passed the entire forenoon in court; several times on the witness-stand, badgered, harried, vexed, and "licked." And all about a side-saddle which he intended for a Christmas present to his daughter. "Served him right!" was the unanimous verdict. In another case a model-maker sued an inventor for \$850; had been offered \$650 to settle, and declined the offer; and after a trial lasting nearly three days the jury brought in a verdict of \$500 and were discharged with the thanks of the court.

The juror's fee in civil courts is one dollar a case, so that it often happens that the jurymen with an appetite and expensive tastes find jury duty a luxurious pastime. During one recess in my own recent experience, I strolled down Broadway to the Savarin. I had hardly been seated a moment when a friend (*sic*) grasped me effusively by the hand, asked after the play, and so forth. "Old man," said he, "do you

ever play odd-or-even?" "Not often; but why?" "I'll match you odd against even who pays for this luncheon."

Now a man with any sporting blood in his veins does not like to be "called down," even if he is earning only one dollar a case in court, so I promptly said "Done." We forthwith matched, and he won. As he ordered I forthwith also discovered that he had brought his appetite and his refined tastes with him. Well, no matter, when it was over, I matched him the price of the luncheon that he could not call the turn again, and turned the tables on him and got square, as the boys say, much to his chagrin. I explained to him, as we sauntered up Broadway, that as I was on the jury at one dollar a case, I was losing too much money every day and had not felt rich enough to invite him on first sight. This soothed his ruffled feelings, and we had a drink and a cigar at my expense. Then I hurried off to court to hear the last of the brass-bedstead case, where all the principals and witnesses were Germans, and where bedstead was variously spoken of as "betstead," "bettstoot," and "bettstellen," so that not even the court could make out what all these people were swearing to.

I am always pleased, too, with the Chesterfieldian manner with which counsel address the jury. As I scan my fellow-jurymen I am morally certain that many of them never were so civilly spoken to before in all their lives; the attorney — shrewd fellow — sees this and redoubles this impressive urbanity; but it rather wears off when his opponent, rising, goes him one better and bends his body several inches lower to the jury before he starts in to sum up his side of the case.

To the average jurymen in any kind of a case, civil or criminal, the lawyer has much to do with forming a judgment of the case he is serving upon; even the judge's careful, impartial charge hardly alters the first impressions received. Each man elects to be a judge himself; perhaps, as the case progresses, some prejudice, some memory of a personal wrong similar to the right or wrong of the issue under trial strikes him, and no arguments nor evidence will turn this jurymen from his own verdict.

When the jury leave the box it is amusing with what intense interest their faces are scanned by all the parties to the suit. Once locked up, the circus begins; each juror has something to say, and all twelve believe they have a right to speak first. Finally, it is definitely decided that no agreement can be reached, so the following notice is served on the court:

"YOUR HONOR:—This jury cannot agree, and are very hungry.

JOHN BROWN, Foreman."

No notice is taken of this, the court having already dined. It comes about, however, after being locked up in a room 8 x 4 for nearly two hours, that the jury is sent for by the court, and politely informed by his honor that the parties at issue in this case having agreed upon a settlement, the contest is withdrawn, and the jury discharged with the thanks of the court.

In New York City jury duty has become a terrible tax upon business and professional men; many thousands join the militia so as to escape it, and this proves one source of National Guard, State of New York, having such well-filled ranks. But if you can spare the time, when drawn, to serve, jury duty proves often highly instructive as well as amusing.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

The American Mule.

Who would believe that the average value of the mules in the United States is greater than the average value of the horses by more than sixteen per cent? To make such a statement as this in an ordinary crowd would be certain to provoke direct contradiction. Yet such is the fact as given out by the United States Department of Agriculture, and this fact is borne out by the reports of the census takers for 1890. On the first of January last an average horse in this country was worth \$65.01; an average mule \$75.55. Considering this, I am of opinion that the wits who write for the funny papers had as well let our friend the mule alone and find some other subject with which to excite our mirth. But there is this to be said in extenuation of the fun that is made of the mule — the mule does not mind it, and his family is in no wise injured by ridicule or contumely, however unjust.

There are in the United States 2,314,699 mules, with a total value of \$174,882,070. The principal States in which they are bred for both farm use and sale elsewhere are Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and Texas. In the first three of these States the raising of mules has long been a profitable business. In the cotton States, where only negro labor is used and live stock is bred only to a limited extent, the mule is the farm

animal in almost universal use. Great droves of these are taken South every spring from the three States named, and are readily sold at profitable prices. Horses are subject to many diseases which mules rarely if ever suffer from. And then, again, a horse requires attention. He must be fed regularly and groomed carefully. Without such attention he very rapidly deteriorates. A mule, too, thrives best under such conditions, but he gets along tolerably well with less-regular feeding and no attention at all. The slipshod way in which the average Southern plantation is managed does not make it by any means certain that the farm animals will be looked after as they should be. Indeed, it is pretty certain that they receive as little attention as is possible. With such ignorant and careless laborers, and such indifferent supervision on the part of the masters, the use of horses would entail a cost upon the planting of cotton and sugar too great to be borne. But the mule does tolerably well, even though his rations be scant and irregular and a curry-comb never tickles his ribs from the time he reaches the plantation until he dies. So profitable has the raising of mules been for the Southern markets that in the three States named great attention has been given to it, and asses have been imported from France and Spain for sires, while the dams have been mares in whose veins there was the same kind of blood that flows in the horses we see upon the turf and the trotting tracks.

We have the authority of the president of the Royal Veterinary College of London that in breeding for mules the selection of a sire is of no considerable importance, as those characteristics which the mule gets from the horse are those that make him valuable as a draft or farm animal. He says of the mule: "In its short, thick head, long ears, small, narrow limbs, absence of chestnuts inside the hocks, and tail destitute of hair at the root, it is assine; while in height and body, shape of neck and croup, uniformity of coat and teeth, it is equine." As a theoretical generalization this distinguished veterinarian is undoubtedly right in what he says in this regard, as he is also, it may be, theoretically correct when he says that a mule neither neighs as a horse nor brays as an ass, but makes a "feeble hoarse noise." Yet I venture to say that there is not a successful mule-raiser in the country who will not disagree with him that the selection of the sire is comparatively of no importance, and that neither man, woman, or child south, say, of New York will agree with him in his declaration that the noise a mule makes has anything feeble about it whatever.

Texas, next to Missouri, is the largest owner of mules, but the average value of mules is less in the Lone Star State than anywhere else in the Union, the average there being only \$53.30 per head. This small average is unquestionably due to the fact that the mares employed in the breeding are not infrequently mustangs, and the mules are correspondingly small and unfitted either for heavy draft work or the carrying of weighty packs. Over the Mexican border, where even less attention is paid to raising these hybrids, the mules are called burros, and they are sold rather by the dozen than by the head. Further north these burros, it appears, are even less well understood. An army officer who had been serving on the Texas frontier had one of these little steeds for his children to ride. Being ordered to a Northern post he shipped the burro along with his other belongings. When these had arrived at their destination the freight agent checked off the invoice and telegraphed back that the shipment was "short one bureau and long one jackass."

In countries not too cold or wet the mule has long been esteemed for his valuable qualities as a farm animal, a pack carrier, and even as a saddle-horse. The Greeks and Romans used them both in peace and war, and Philip V., the last of the really great kings of Spain, encouraged the breeding of them for use in the mountain paths of the Pyrenees and in the construction of that great system of common highways that he planned for his people. As a pack animal his sureness of foot makes him invaluable where merchandise has to be carried in this primitive manner, or where the supplies of an army need to be taken in a country where roads have not been built. In our war of the Rebellion any one who remembers aught of the marching to and fro of troops will remember the great wagon-trains, with six, eight, and ten mule teams, dragging the quartermaster and commissary supplies. The mule cut a pretty important figure in that great conflict. Those bought for the government were more frequently than not unbroken and put at once at work, and under the guidance of men without previous experience of the animal's peculiarities. Much of their reputation, I make no doubt, for stubbornness and their general disrepute has

grown from these circumstances. It is related of a chaplain who, with Buell's command, was hurrying to the succor of Grant at Shiloh, that he found the road blocked by a stalled team. He at once lent his assistance to get the obstruction out of the way. He yelled and swore at the mules with zeal and vigor. He cursed the brutes with all the epithets of a papal excommunication of the olden time. An officer, hearing him, rode up and said: "I am surprised, sir, at your language." The chaplain looked up with all the innocence in the world and replied: "I really didn't know that mules could be driven in any other way." It was pretty certain that in the army he had rarely if ever heard any other language employed in the management of the mule teams. It was natural, therefore, for him to think that such was the language that they understood.

When the Duke of Marlborough, than whom we have rarely had a more observant visitor, published the notes he had taken during his travels in the United States he remarked upon the extremely fine quality of mules he found in Kentucky, and the useful purposes to which they were put further south. He wondered why they were not raised in England, where they are practically unknown. I doubt very much whether they would thrive there. I fancy it is too far north. In our New England States they are so scarce that the Agricultural Department has not taken the trouble to reckon them. In New York there are only five thousand, and in New Jersey only eight thousand. It may be that in New England it is too cold for them, but in parts of New York and New Jersey they would unquestionably thrive, and in each of these States the average mule fetches a larger price than the average in the whole country. Indeed, in New Jersey the average price of mules is larger than in any other State, being \$113.76 per head. The statistics show that the New Jersey farmers, for reasons inscrutable to the present writer, prefer to buy rather than breed their horses. If in that State this condition of things is likely to continue I wonder whether it would not be well for them to buy mules instead of horses. A Western horse needs to get acclimated before he is ready for hard work. The mule is ready for the fray at once, and then his serviceable life is much longer, as it extends to twenty, thirty, and even forty years. JNO. GILMER SPEED.

FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

Any applicant sending us 50 cents will be entitled to a short reading of character from a specimen of handwriting, to be sent by mail, and the monthly edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months, or the regular weekly edition for five weeks. \$1.00 to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, by mail, and the monthly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year, or the weekly edition for three months. \$4.00 to a character reading from any photograph desired, by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the full weekly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

De Wolf Hopper.

UPON his face lies the stamp of vivacity, quick wit, and sparkle. The length of his head argues rapidity of idea, and the straight brow practicality. Eyebrows are thoughtful, are low set, and suggest that their owner is not easily taken by surprise. The eyes are clear, keen,



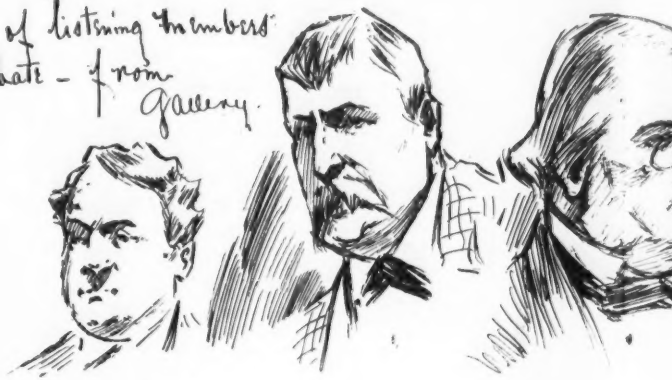
DE WOLF HOPPER.

and penetrating; above them lies a warm appreciation of form and color and an excellent sense of effect. A nose prominent between the eyes speaks a pronounced individuality, and high cheek-bones a love of appreciation and praise. The chin by its length suggests obstinacy, but, curving away and oval rather than strong, does not argue any great degree of force. His is the mouth of a lover of good things, whose ardent temperament and warm nature make of life something very like a holiday, and snatch from the moments as they fly the froth of pleasure, while still possessing a certain sense of balance and the ability to be sharply practical when need be.

Mr. Lockwell makes
a strongly aggressive
speech in the interests
of Free Silver



Sketches of listening members
during debate - from
gallery.



Geo. Washington Murray the new M.
from S. C. ponders over the
question, but thinks he shall vote



Senator Peffer makes
copious notes during the
speeches of Senators
Gorman and Hill -



Gallery frequenters -



R. W. Chapman
August 1893



*new Member
the perplexing
vote for Repeal*



*As a believer in
Bimetallism Mr. Voorhis said
he voted against the passage of
the Sherman act, and for the
same reason he would vote
for its repeal.*



*A hot weather
Congressman*



*Mr. Hill
breaks from the
leadership of Mr.
Gorman*



Blind



A Coming Home Song.

He's cooing away on his mother's knees,
In phrases I know to be Japanese.
They're soft as winds in the mulberry trees,

That blow,
I know,
From where tea-blossoms grow.
And I always think,
When I see him wink,
Of a dear little bobolink
Taking a drink
At a crooning brook
In a rose-hedged nook,
Where rags of blue
Peep through
From the high
Old sky!

Invisible bubbles he daily blows,
When he tries to reach with his mouth his toes.
You should see how he blinks, and thinks, and
crows,

And cries,
And sighs,
Like a sob when it dies.
I can feel the beat
Of his heart when we meet
Near the gate down the quaint old street,
Where the clover sweet
Is kissed by the sun
When the long day's done.
Then, heart to heart,
Depart
Sighs and care
Like air!

JOHN ERNEST MCCANN.

Darab's Wine-cup.

A Legend.

BY BART KENNEDY.

I.

A CERTAIN wine-cup belonged to Darab, a Persian king. To him it had come as an heirloom from a long line of ancestors. He prized it over all things.

Truly this cup was a marvel of exquisite craftsmanship. The name of its maker was lost 'mid the mists of dead ages. Indeed, so magical seemed the skill of its fashioning, that some there were who thought that it surely must be the work of a power more than mortal. It was formed wholly of jewels that were fastened together by some strange, subtle device. And it was shaped in a manner most curious. Its craftsman had taken a flower of peculiar beauty for his design.

As Darab, on feast-nights, held it, wine-filled, before the light, it seemed as if a many-tinted cluster of precious stones was plunged into a luminous sea—a sea softly, sensuously red. The rare old grape-juice, fostered to life in the long ago by the sunlight, appeared to awake, to exult, to live again in the glow of a milder light.

But none might drink from this cup but Darab—Darab the king!

Toghrul, the soothsayer, he of the white, flowing beard and mystic, piercing eyes, averred that this cup oftentimes possessed strange powers. He said that if Darab gazed into the depths of the wine as it foamed and sparkled within its embrace he might see, as in pictures, happenings in far-off places, or he might see deeply into the workings of the hearts of those who stood near. This saying of the soothsayer's had caused fear to enter into the minds of the courtiers, and whenever Darab looked steadily into the cup all trembled, as none knew what next might happen. Again, it was whispered, by whom none could tell, that if it was destroyed, Darab would die and never more would one of his race reign as king.

Thus was this cup of grave, of ominous import.

II.

THIS night was a night of feasting and grand revelry within the king's palace. Lights flashed and sheened. Wines of the rarest and choicest vintage flowed freely as water. Delicate viands, fruits, and subtle triumphs of cookery were spread upon the great tables. And there were gleamings of countless gem-encrusted, precious-metal goblets. Glorious clusters of flowers gave forth a sense-lifting, all-pervading aroma. Varied and mingling colors and hues raptured the eye.

And here were women of a glory and a beauty indescribable. Silks shimmered. Eyes shone.

And here was the cold, cruel glint of steel, for soldiers, accoutred, were at the feast.

Subtle slaves ministered to the wants of the feasters. Bracelets and anklets of ivory flashed as they flitted to and fro.

King, satraps, women, courtiers, nay all,

were blended in a grand, joying union. Like fire flamed all hearts.

And music rang.

III.

THE moon's light was calm and clear. Stars twinkled, glistened in the profound Afar. All was still. But in the stillness there seemed to sleep some strange, mighty secret. And there came into the air a heaviness.

IV.

"Ho! Toghrul! Toghrul! Thou of sooth-saying fame, come hither—come hither! I have gazed into this cup, and lo! it has revealed to me the face and thoughts of one who is a traitor—one who plots against my life, my throne, my all. Yonder he stands. He! Hyder!"

It was Darab who called out thus in a loud voice. A wicked, cruel smile played in his face as he pointed to Hyder, one of his satraps. The night had passed well on, and the revelry had become of the wildest.

A silence as of the grave fell over all as the king made this accusation. They knew, and feared, what was coming. None dared speak but Toghrul.

"Art sure, oh, king?" he asked. The soothsayer felt kindly toward the satrap.

"Sure as that I am of woman born," Darab replied, as he again looked into the cup. "Here is the face of yon unworthy servant. Now it is still and tells naught, but an instant ago, as I gazed, its lips moved and from them I heard murmurings of revolt and treachery. He must die. This cup is my safeguard and guide. Ho! guards! Seize yon traitor!"

Hyder turned pale. Brave though he was, he trembled—trembled because of one he loved and little ones. Yes, he was lost—lost. Oftentimes had he known Darab to order men to the death because of things revealed to him in this strange cup.

Hyder was seized, and death hung in the air, when a loud cry broke from Darab. Again he was looking into the cup, but this time his face was convulsed with fear.

"Ho! To arms—to arms!" he cried, wildly. "Soldiers—all—to arms! Foes surround the palace. Rebels are upon us."

Hyder was loosed, and in a flash the revel was turned to a wild, terror-stricken confusion.

Then was heard a low rumbling in the air, and suddenly there came a fearful roll of thunder and a succession of blinding, destroying lightning flashes. The walls of the palace near the king's throne fell.

Clashing of arms and savage shouts were heard in the distance.

Darab was standing with the cup raised aloft in his right hand. He was invoking aid from the powers above. Near him stood the soothsayer and Hyder with drawn sword. He was prepared to defend to the last gasp the king who had so cruelly condemned him. Shrieks and cries were rending the air.

Then came a lightning flash that was mightier and more blinding than all that had gone before. It struck the cup, shivering it to dust. Darab fell dead. It was even as if the powers above had spoken.

Into the palace rushed the enemy.
And tumult reigned.

Bessie's Afternoon Tea.

UNDERNEATH the plum tree,
Dainty as could be,
Stood a tiny table
Only spread for three.
Baby Bess, the hostess,
Very grandly dressed,
Dolly as the handmaid,
Grandpa for the guest.

"Please to take a cookie,
They are very fine;
Only baked this morning.
Have a glass of wine?
Servant, do make haste, now;
Bring the fruits and cake.
I hope, Mr. Grandpa,
You'll a supper make."

Then were plum-tree blossoms
Served on blades of grass,
Pebbles in the fruit-dish,
Tea-wine in each glass;
Till the hostess, rising,
Said, "I plainly see
You must, Mr. Grandpa,
Come again to tea."

FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE.

Petie and the Boys.

PETIE longed and wished and yearned to do something heroic. He was a little bigger, a little stouter, and decidedly stronger than the other boys, but it did not seem to be of much use, because they were quick and nimble and Petie was often the last to see a joke or to kick a ball. He was rather solemn in his ways and slow, and spent many long, sunny hours with a puckered-up forehead and mournful eyes, wishing that just once he could prove to the boys that he was not so useless as his dreamy ways and slow motions led them to suppose. And sometimes he would grow cross and sullen under the sly ridicule they heaped upon him, and after he had pounded and thumped one of them into a jelly they would hold up their hands in horror and call him a boy with a brutal temper. But he knew better. He wanted them all to love him, and it was because they couldn't and wouldn't



PETIE AND THE BOYS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARENCE B. MOORE, OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.

see how much about him there was to love that he pommelled and thumped them, and all the while as he pounded he wanted to say:

"There, take that, and that! Why won't you be good to me and let me love you?"

A funny way to choose to change their opinion, perhaps. But then, remember he was just a little boy of ten, and had his own way of looking at things.

So it seemed to him that if only he could do something very big and important they must all come to think him a very fine boy. And he strutted about for a while, like a puffed-up old gobbler, looking for an imposing opportunity.

But it did not come, and those cruel boys only laughed louder than ever. So he lost all hope and wandered about through the whole long vacation, looking very lonely and unhappy.

He wandered along by the river one sunny afternoon, and quite unexpectedly came upon two of the boys sailing their boats,—schooner-yachts, they called them.

They thought him rather a spoil-sport just then, and turned their backs as he sat down among the weeds and tangled grasses. They frowned and wished him away, but for once did not bother to say so.

He grew tired of watching them after a little and turned his eyes over the pretty river, which right there ran smooth and placid, spreading itself out flat and broad, ready to tumble headlong over the big dam a little way below.

"Boys," he said, in his slow way, "there's a hole right there where the water eddies. I guess it's pretty deep."

One of them shook his shoulders impatiently, opened his mouth to speak, but shut it again with a snap, for his yacht slipped from between his fingers and darted forward swiftly in the quiet but rapid stream. He plunged forward to catch it, one step, two steps, and with a sharp cry disappeared from sight. In another moment he bobbed to the surface again and was swept away into the current where it hurried on toward the smooth and slippery edge of the dam. He struggled and cried out, and just as the water lay flattest, ready to dash him over the brink, he caught the low branches of a sturdy willow and clung with a grip of despair.

It had all happened in such a minute of time that the boys on the bank had scarcely changed their positions.

Then Petie looked at the other boy, who was trembling and white, and said, laconically:

"Call help," and walking deliberately down the bank he slowly climbed the willow, crept out on the branch and slipped down the hanging fringes until he dropped into the water alongside of the terrified and almost exhausted boy.

"Leave go," he drawled; "I'll hold you." And slipping his arm round the waist of his companion he took firm hold of the weeping

willows and lowered himself slowly, slowly, until only their heads were above water.

And there he clung. Seconds flew by, they seemed hours; minutes flew by, they seemed days. His face grew set and white, but he never thought of letting go. The water tugged and tugged, and his companion seemed like lead in his arms. He grew icy cold, and the noise of the water seemed to be in his head rather than outside, and to roll in thundering waves as it tried to sweep them away on its bosom. Then the sky grew black, and he seemed to be falling, falling, while a load in his arms dragged him to the bottom of the sea.

Meanwhile help had not been slow in coming, and it really was only a few minutes before strong arms rescued the boys from their position of peril. And as they loosened the little convulsively-clutching hands Petie's head fell back and he sank into a sea of unconsciousness.

It was all right, however. The boys were strong and sturdy, and after a little they sat wrapped in blankets on either side of the kitchen stove in the old mill, while the boys all crowded near and gazed awe-struck on the hero of the hour.

"Well, you have grit," said one.

"Why, who'd have thought it wuz you?" said another.

"Don't chaff, boys," said Petie, his eyes full of tears and too weak to—as he supposed—fight the old battle.

"Chaff!" they cried.

"Why, you're the pluckiest chap we ever see, 'n' as strong as a lion, 'n' we just all wish we wuz you. You're a hero, you are."

Sweet words, crooked though they were, and they brought balm to the heart hungering for love and kindness, and, lying placidly back in his blanket, the hero's eyes overflowed with happy tears. Seeing which a rough coat-sleeve stole round his neck, and in the twilight there was a little sound of shamefaced, boyish blubbering around the kitchen stove. It died away suddenly, however, as the miller's wife came in with a great plate of gingerbread and gently hurried them all away that she might tuck two tired and sleepy boys safely in bed, where, bitter words and hard blows forgotten, they slept contentedly in each other's arms, smiling in dreams of boyish fun and fellowship, at peace with themselves and each other.

A. R.

Prize Winners.

Silver bracelet—Lizzie O. Donnell, East Rochester, New Hampshire.
Fishing-rod—Howell Everett, Newark, Pennsylvania.

Honor Roll.

Mamie Hofmann, Hedwig Voigt, Edwina F. Bugbee, Otto Davies, James Davies, Fredy T. Hofmann, F. F. Hofmann, Wilbur Noyes, Lucy Knowles. One set of unsigned correct answers from Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Prize Answers.

1. Richard Trevithick invented the locomotive. On Christmas eve, 1801, his common-road locomotive carried the first load of passengers ever conveyed by steam.

2. Several trial trips were made, but the locomotive was first used in the streets of London, England.

3. William Symmington built the *Charlotte Dundas*, the first practical steamboat. It was used for a short period on the Forth and Clyde Canal in 1802.

The answers to the prize questions this month are given strictly in accordance with the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. My little friends have sent in so many and varied answers showing the pains they have taken, that I must tell them that those whose answers have differed from the above are not entirely wrong. Although Trevithick invented the locomotive, and his imperfect machine was used, it was George Stephenson who first gave it reliable, practical form and laid the basis of the locomotive of to-day. And although Symmington's tug was in use a short time, it was Robert Fulton who, after a failure in Paris, France, built and ran successfully on the Hudson River the first steamboat to be used in commerce. The prize-winners have each given both sets of answers, and are correct in every sense.

Prize Offer.

Prizes are offered this month as usual.

For girls, a silver bracelet.

For boys, a silver pencil.

They will be awarded for the most correct and neatly written answers to the following questions:

1. Who, exclusive of Shakespeare, may be called the greatest of English poets?
2. When did he live?
3. Which may be considered his best-known poem?

All answers should be sent in on or before September 15th, and should be addressed care Children's Department, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. This offer is open to all competitors.

FOR THE WOMEN

CONDUCTED BY ELLA STARR

In Fashion's Glass.

[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied; or she will make purchases for them without charge when their wishes are clearly specified.]

When a woman goes in for any sort of sport or athletics she generally becomes an enthusiast right off, and wants to do her work from a man's standpoint; and she is frequently willing to spoil her fascinating femininity to accomplish it. At the same time she loses sight of the fact that



COSTUME OF DOVE-COLORED SERGE.

she is leaving prejudices in her track to the great disadvantage of her fellow-women.

At present all Paris is wrought up over the hobby of its feminine citizens to bicycle in trousers. The *vélocé-women*, as they style themselves. They have even gone so far as to race in "sweaters." This suggests to me the story of the athlete of old who accomplished the most marvelous feats in running, and the multitude fairly carried him upon their shoulders in admiration. Yet one man passed no word of approval, and he was Plato. The athlete was disturbed and asked of the philosopher why he had expressed no praise for the victory. Plato replied: "When you have done something for the good of humanity, then will I applaud you." And so with women bicyclists; when they do anything for the ultimate good of those who follow, and bring out the best results for other women in many ways, then will we cry our bravos.

The bicycling fad for women in Paris has been carried to such lengths as to call forth controversies from eminent people, and opinions have become so much divided as to create two parties which might almost be designated as the "Conservatives" and "Radicals." Some express themselves most decisively against women riding the wheel at all, while others go to the opposite extreme and declare that they should ride by all means, and always in trousers and leggings, or, if preferred, gay stockings. If the Parisians wear skirts at all they are hardly ever below the knees, and if they reach the ankles—which is rare—they are bifurcated.

There is one woman in New York who is undoubtedly the pioneer in wearing trousers in this part of the country. She suffered severely from an accident through the catching of her skirt in the wheel, and from that time forth she discarded it. Her costume now consists of loose Turkish trousers gathered at the knee, white shirt-waist, tan-colored leather leggings, shoes and belt, and a yachting-cap. As she rides in the street her trousers, being so full, have the appearance of a short skirt.

A hat is a most important item to be considered in a bicycle costume. Occasionally you will see a woman on a wheel wearing a hat of straw, gayly trimmed. Nothing looks more atrocious than this, and no woman should wear a flaunting hat upon a wheel any more than upon horseback or on an ocean voyage.

Miss Pauline Hall, the opera singer, lays claim to being the first woman to bicycle in this country, and she had to send to England to have a wheel made, as there were nothing

but tricycles then for women. Miss Hall declares that there isn't anything like bicycling for "nerves," but she thinks women can do without the divided skirts, and her own dress is quite attractive and thoroughly feminine in appearance. She discards petticoats altogether, and merely wears a combination suit of undergarments and equestrienne tights.

In the illustrations a few of the favorite Parisian costumes for bicycling are depicted. They are made in various colors, navy blue, russet, dove color, or tan, and all are short-skirted with pantaloons, or else there is no skirt at all except that belonging to the coat. One, in dove color, has a close-fitting coat with wide lapels opening over a white shirt-front, full trousers, leggings and a sailor hat made of the same dove-colored cloth. Another has a coat of dark-brown corduroy over light tan trousers, and still another is russet from head to foot—hat, shoes, belt, leggings, and all.

Whether we are to follow in the steps of our French sisters remains to be seen. It is doubtful if we will ever venture to run the gauntlet in gay Spanish costumes of brilliant red, with bolero hats, Figaro jackets, gay shirts, and broad sashes, or in close knickerbockers without e'er a skirt. However, there are modifications which are decidedly attractive without being *bizarre*, as, for instance, a Scotch dress which I caught a glimpse of the other day as it whirled up the Boulevard. There was a skirt of blue and green clan plaid, a dark green Eton jacket over a full front of some light stuff, and a Tam o' Shanter hat with a heron's feather at one side. It impressed me at once as being neat, stylish, and appropriate.

EARLY FALL NOVELTIES.

Black and white combinations will undoubtedly take the lead this fall. The fancy even extends to hosiery, and some of the newest stockings in black are embroidered in white upon the instep.

Now is the time to pick up, here and there in the shops, many cheap articles to lay by for gifts at next Christmas-time. Everything is marked down in price, and there are remarkably cheap pocket-books, reduced as low as forty-eight cents. Others again, at ninety-eight cents, formerly were sold at \$1.75, and are to be had in lizard, alligator, or sealskin.

A few of the early-fall dress goods are already displayed, and include bourette surfaces in diagonal and perpendicular stripes; also wool ottomans flecked all over with light colors in silk. These flecked effects are also found in heavy Bengallines, one of the prettiest being in tobacco brown with flecks all over it of light maple. This is sold at \$1.80 a yard.

Lace is always attractive, frequently more so



COSTUME OF LIGHT-GRAY CORDUROY.

than jewels, and it promises to reign with undisputed sway for another season. Point d'Argençon is likely to be a prime favorite, but there are many judges who consider point de Venise the most beautiful of all laces; and it is, for



A COMBINATION OF NAVY BLUE AND GRAY.

those who can afford it, and for those who cannot guipure is a very acceptable substitute.

The jackets for early fall are about forty inches long, and are cut on slightly different lines from the loose-backed coat of last year. The fronts are straight and double-breasted, while the back flares very much from the waist out. They will be made frequently of the same material as the skirt, constituting a complete costume.



BICYCLE DRESS OF BROWN SCOTCH TWEED.

Some of the hats which the leaders of fashion want us to wear this fall are almost ludicrous. For instance, one which closely imitates the headgear of the gods' messenger, Mercury, in the way of a skull-cap of black straw with a twist of white velvet around it and two black-and-white wings of some luckless bird arranged at the sides. Another is a quaintly-shaped coat of braided felt in black and white trimmed with rosettes of black net edged with white.

The huge neck-ruffles of lace-edged net have had extensions added to them in the way of ends, which reach to the waist in front. These ruffles are extremely pretty, and will be a real comfort in the coming cool autumn evenings. The Greek net with large meshes is the chosen kind for these frills.

The State Buildings at the Exposition.

In the structures put up at the World's Fair by the various States of the Union are to be found much that is both interesting and instructive. Not all of the States have special houses, but nearly all. To be more exact, there are in Jackson Park thirty-eight State buildings besides that of the Territory of Utah. These buildings, in many instances, illustrate the architectural taste of the people in whose behalf the houses were constructed, and in several other instances the houses are reproductions of historically notable places.

The New York building is the handsomest of any of the State houses, and the entrance and portal are specially striking and effective. The building partakes both of a public and domestic style, and it is so used also. It is the office of the commissioners and is extensively used for the entertainment of distinguished guests.

The Massachusetts building is in the colonial style, and is to a great extent a reproduction of the historic John Hancock mansion, which until 1867 stood on Beacon Hill, Boston, near the State capitol. The building is three stories high, surmounted in the centre by a cupola. The exterior is in staff in imitation of cut granite. It follows the lines of the old house with sufficient faithfulness to recall the original to the minds of those who have seen it. Like the original, it is surrounded by a terrace raised above the street, and has in front and on one side a fore-court filled with old-fashioned flowers and foliage in keeping with the character of the building. It is approached by two flights of steps, one leading from the street to the terrace, the other from the court to the house. The main entrance opens to a spacious, well-studded hallway with a tiled floor. Facing the entrance is a broad colonial staircase leading to the second floor. An old-fashioned bull's-eye window gives light to the stairway. On the right of the hall is a large room, constituting a registration-room, a post-office, and general reception-room. The fittings and furnishings of this room are unique. Its marble floor, its tiled walls, its uncovered beams, and its high mantel recall the old Dutch rooms found in western Massachusetts, as well as in New York and Pennsylvania. On the other side of the hallway are parlors. A liberty-pole eighty-five feet high stands in the fore-court, and a gilded codfish serves as a vane on the top of the cupola.

Among the other buildings in the colonial style of architecture are those of Connecticut, Kentucky, North Carolina, Ohio, Virginia, West Virginia, and Vermont. The North Carolina building is a reproduction of a place famous in the early days of the old north State, while that of Virginia is as nearly as possible an exact copy of Washington's home, Mount Vernon. The Florida building is a reproduction in miniature of old Fort Marion in St. Augustine. The old fort covers an area of four acres. The reproduction in Jackson Park is only one-fifth as large.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

CIDER ON THE MIDWAY.

Scattered throughout the World's Fair grounds are booths where cider, both apple and orange, and delightfully refreshing, is dispensed to thirsty thousands. But the centre of interest as far as cider is concerned lies on the Midway Plaisance, amid scenes of careless gaiety, and not far from the glitter of Oriental finery. At the Normandie cider booth on the Midway the grateful beverage is made by means of an old-fashioned wooden press, and a halo of mystery is cast over the cup, whose amber contents trickles from some other source than that of the familiar wayside press dear to the heart of youth. But a touch of grace is added, for fair maidens, bewitching in peasant garb, drop a good-luck wish in the brimming tumbler, and a saucy look from sparkling eyes fills the measure of refreshing content.

A New Bank President.

MR. W. H. GELSHENEN, the new president of the Garfield National Bank of this city, is a gentleman of fine business qualities and of large wealth, who has been for some years one of the active directors of the institution of which he



W. H. GELSHENEN.—PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON, NEW YORK.

now becomes the principal officer. He is about forty-five years of age, and is one of Mr. A. C. Cheney's most intimate friends. His financial sagacity, business experience, and high personal character peculiarly fit him for the responsibilities of his new position.



THE SEAL-POND IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

Lincoln Park, Chicago.

CHICAGO'S system of parks is the most elaborately devised in the world. Her citizens have acted, in the laying out of their city's "lungs," with a spirit and foresight beyond all praise. The South-side system is, of course, better known than any of the others, mainly because they are more easily reached than the other systems by the stranger, and because the World's Fair has now opened up this section to the acquaintance of a multitude of visitors to the World's Columbian Exposition.

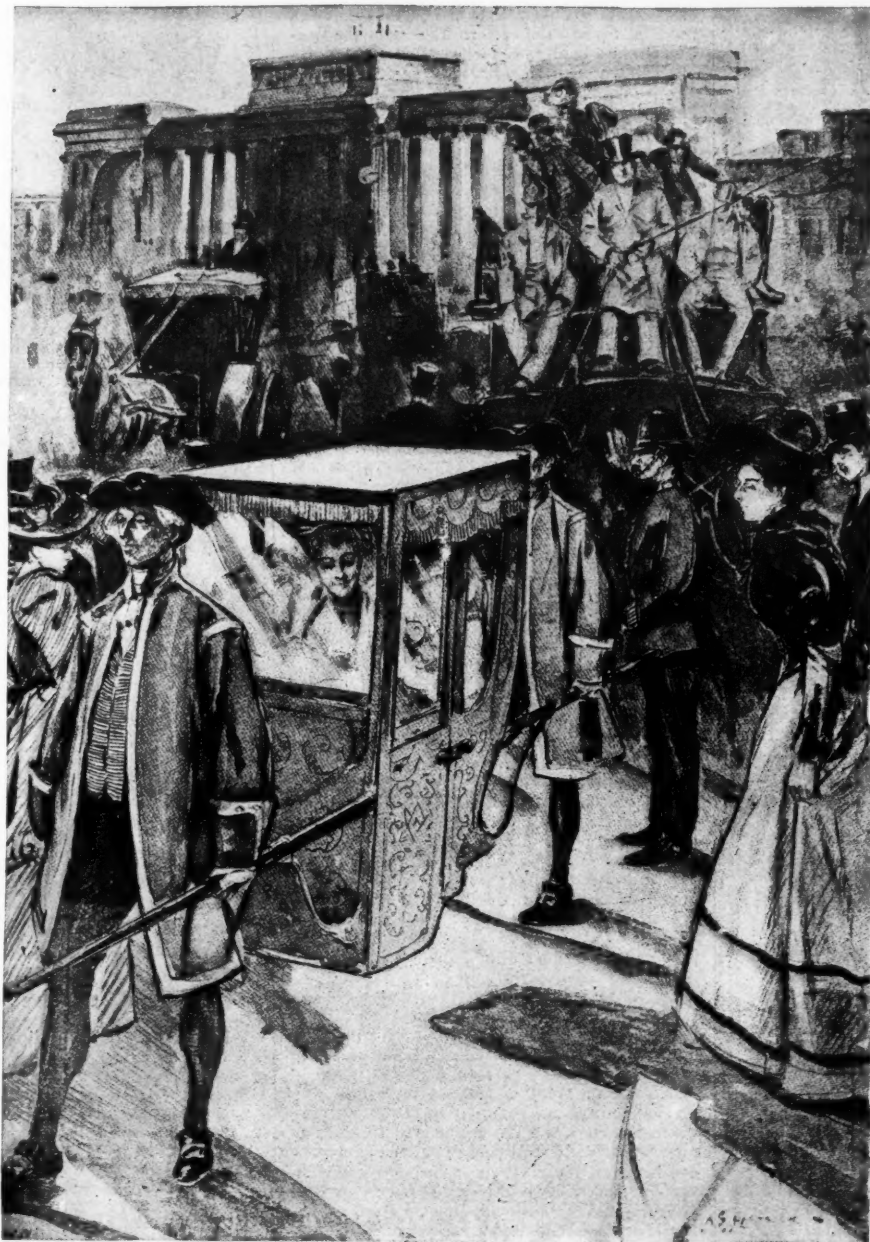
The least known to the stranger, and yet the prettiest of all Chicago's parks, is Lincoln Park, on the North Side. It occupies a slight natural elevation above the level of the lake, and is shut off from it only by the Lake Shore Drive and a splendid stone and cement breakwater; but the lake is in full view from almost

any point of vantage in the pleasure ground. The park is celebrated for its pretty lake, well stocked with aquatic fowl, its splendid monuments to General Grant, our martyr President, Abraham Lincoln, and Schiller. Another feature is its remarkable decorative floriculture and landscape gardening, perhaps the most elaborate in a series of parks celebrated the world over for their novel and beautiful designs in floriculture.

The most popular feature, however, in Lincoln Park is the menagerie, much on the same basis as that in Central Park, but the animals are much better housed, and consequently seem in better condition. One of its most interesting features is its seal-pond. The seal is the most talked-of beast in the animal kingdom, and the feeding of the seal herd, their sharp, shrill barks, their sportive plunges in their pond, draw crowds every day to their inclosure. It may be as well to say here that the seal usually seen in zoological collections is not the species

about which there has recently been an international conference, commonly reverted to as the Behring Sea controversy. This latter seal is the fur-bearing species, and has never been successfully maintained in captivity; in fact, several attempts have been made to bring the fur seal as far as San Francisco, but all failed signally, the animals dying long before the Golden Gate was reached. The species on exhibition is the "hair seal" or "sealion," as it is frequently called. This seal has a much larger and heavier body, and there is particularly a difference in the shape of its head and that of the fur seal; the latter is smaller and the eyes fuller and brighter. The habits of the two are about the same, although some varieties of the hair seal are not migratory in their habits, as is the fur seal of the Aleutian and Copper Islands. Of course those in Lincoln Park, as also in the zoological garden in Philadelphia, are of the hair-seal variety.

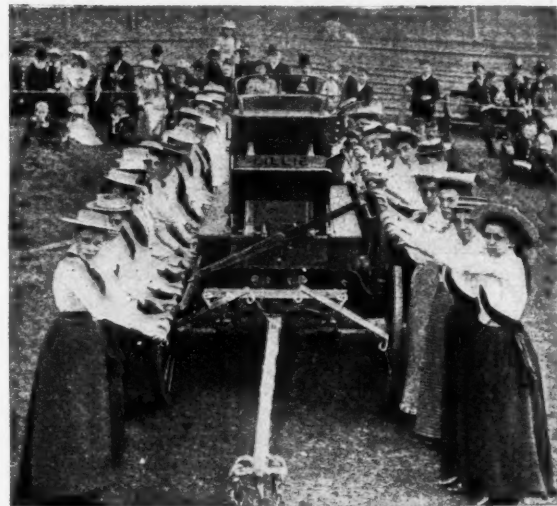
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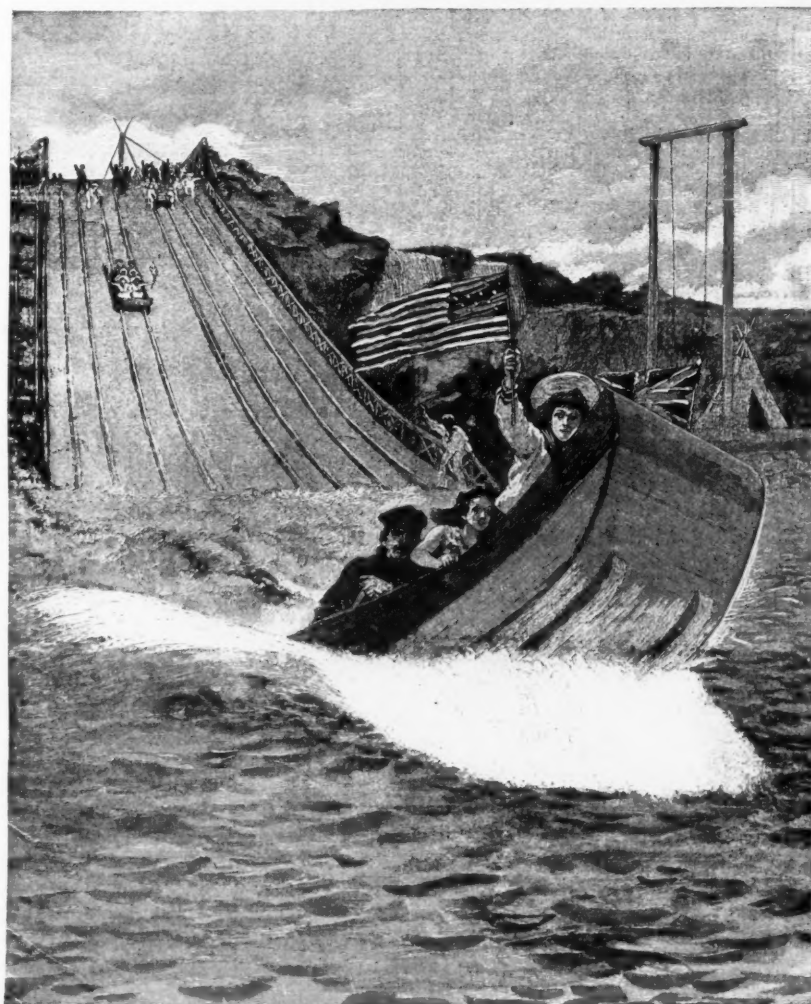
A POSSIBLE LONDON FAD—GOING TO A DRAWING-ROOM IN A SEDAN CHAIR.



THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD—"THE SHEATHING OF THE SWORD" CEREMONY.



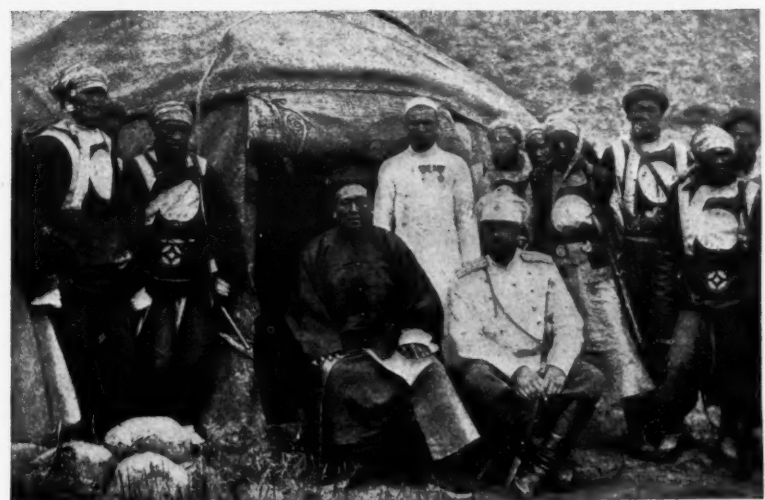
TOURNAMENT OF AN ENGLISH LADIES' FIRE BRIGADE—"READY!"



CAPTAIN BOYTON'S WATER-TOBOGGAN AT THE LONDON FORESTRY EXHIBITION.



CORNER OF A SIAMESE NECROPOLIS AT BANGKOK.



THE RUSSIANS IN ASIA—INTERVIEW OF THE CHINESE GENERAL KOUAN AND HIS STAFF WITH COLONEL GROMITCHESKY, AT OULONG-TCHAT.

The Silver Debate.

MR. CLINEDINST gives elsewhere sketches of some of the prominent participants in the silver debate in Congress, which, for the most part, has been characterized by a dead level of mediocrity, and, so far as the advocates of silver are concerned, made up almost entirely of iterations and reiterations of exploded fallacies.

The one really remarkable speech of the debate was that of Senator Voorhees in the Senate. While declaring himself in favor of the repeal of the Silver act, he indulged in a furious attack on the national banks, insisting that they had been reducing their circulation to precipitate the panic, and declared himself in favor of the restoration of the old system of State banking. In this, Senator Voorhees was consistent with his previous record. He has always believed in cheap money, and has opposed the gold standard. One of his remarkable declarations was to the effect that no one had ever lost a dollar by the depreciation of the notes of a regularly chartered State bank or its failure to redeem its currency in gold or silver when called upon to do so. The speech of Mr. Voorhees naturally annoyed the opponents of the repeal measure, but, on the other hand, it afforded immense gratification to the supporters of the State-bank policy.

Another incident of the debate, to which reference is made elsewhere, was the appearance of Senator Hill of this State as an ally of the Populists in their attempt to destroy public confidence in the national banks. In a later speech he declared purely for the repeal of the free-coinage act, but argued for bimetallism and opposed any increase of ratio.

The debate, except when the more prominent men were announced to speak, has attracted comparatively little attention, many of the orators speaking to empty benches. It is doubtful if a single vote has been changed by the argument on either side.

TAKE Bromo-Seltzer for insomnia.
Before retiring—trial bottle, 10 cts.

DR. SIEBERT'S Angostura Bitters is known all over the world as the great regulator.

A SENSATIONAL STORY

has attracted attention lately, but as a matter of fact the public has also devoted time to things substantial, judging by the unprecedented sales of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Unequaled as a food for infants. Sold by grocers and druggists.

SOHMER & Co. the great piano firm, can point with pride to the magnificent indorsement their instruments have received at the hands of the best native and foreign musical artists.

MORNINGS—Beecham's Pills with a drink of water.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was 2 Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Great Western
The Finest
CHAMPAGNE
In America.

Now used in many of the
best Hotels, Clubs and
Homes in Preference to
Foreign Vintages.

A home product
which Americans
are especially
proud of.

One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.



Address,
Pleasant Valley Wine Company,

RHEIMS, Steuben Co., New York.

What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczemas, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unfailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. *See "All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.*

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

ACHING SIDES AND BACK,
Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster.



"MY DEAR FELLOW, there was always something to admire in that girl; but now she is positively beautiful. Her hair, so rich and wavy, shows the perfection of care; her teeth are like ivory; her cherry-red lips are enchanting, and a more exquisite complexion I never saw." "But, John, you should not forget that the object of your adoration has made herself lovely by the use of

CONSTANTINE'S
Persian Healing
PINE TAR SOAP.

It is now no longer a secret that this INDISPENSABLE ARTICLE FOR TOILET USE is a PURIFYING AGENT OF WONDERFUL VIRTUES. It is harmless and inexpensive, but if you obtain the Original, which bears CONSTANTINE'S name, you will be able to HEIGHTEN EVERY CHARM which adds PERFECTION to

FEMALE LOVELINESS.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
PIANOS

Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warehouses, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.,
Chicago, Ill., 236 State St.; San Francisco, Cal., Union Club Building;
St. Louis, Mo., 1527 Olive St.; Kansas City, Mo., 1152 Main St.

WRIGHT'S MYRRH TOOTH SOAP.
Gives Pearly White Teeth, Ruby Gums, Pure Breath, Removes Tartar, Refreshing to the Mouth. 25 cents. Send for book "Care of Teeth," free. Wright & Co., Chemists, Detroit, Mich. Also in liquid or powder form.

LONDON.
THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table d'hôte.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS
FOR THE
HAIR AND SKIN.
An elegant dressing. Prevents baldness, gray hair, and dandruff. Makes the hair grow thick and soft. Cures eruptions and diseases of the skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and sprains. All druggists or by mail 6 cts. 44 Stone St. N. Y.

FINE COMPLEXION
LAIT ANTÉPHELIQUE
of Candès milk
ESTABLISHED 1849
POTTER & CO., CANDES, 16, B. St-Denis PARIS

MARRIED LADIES our COMPANION saves you worry and doubt. Reliable, safe, indestructible, sealed, 50c. Reliable Supply Co. 447 9th Av. N. Y. City.

The Orcutt Comp'y Leading Lithographers
W. B. ORCUTT, Genl. Mgr.,
Corrup'd've Stationed, Chicago.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

THE *Illustrated London News* gives an interesting account of the expedition of the Governor-General of Russian Turkestan, Lieutenant-General Baron Wrewsky, among the mountains of the Alai, toward the eastern frontier of the Russian Empire bordering on the Chinese territory of Kashgar. Baron Wrewsky was accompanied by his official staff, by the chief members of the local administration, and by several engineers or other scientific specialists, who were to examine the country with a view to irrigation plans and the making of roads. The expedition was warmly welcomed along its route, and the observations made during the tour were very satisfactory, as they showed real improvement in the state of the population of those countries under the Russian dominion. The advancement of cultivation and of commerce may be estimated by the statistics of a single article—namely, cotton. It appears, from official reports, that the production of American cotton in Ferghana, which in 1889 amounted to 100,000 pounds, exceeded six million pounds in the year 1891. All the cotton planters are natives of the country.

THE LADIES' FIRE BRIGADE.

A tournament of a ladies' fire brigade, which recently took place at the country seat of the Earl of St. Levan, is described by the *Ladies' Pictorial* of London as an occasion of great interest and picturesqueness. For the purposes of the tournament a tower sixteen feet square by thirty feet high was constructed on the green sward at the base of an eminence, and was well furnished with shavings steeped in tar and petroleum. At a given signal the ladies, who wore a tasteful uniform consisting of sailor hats, white blouses, dark skirts, and scarlet sashes, marched from their robing-tent, coming up at the "double" and halting on either side of the engine. Here a number of evolutions was performed, and later in the day the tower was ignited from bottom to top simultaneously, when the young ladies "turn out, wet drill" was commenced in earnest. The firemen of the county who had assembled to take part in the tournament, alternately took their turn at pumping with the ladies, which lasted about an hour, although two of the ladies did not quit the brakes until the fire was quite extinguished. When the "danger" was over the ladies gave a jumping-sheet and scaling-ladder performance.

A SIAMESE CHARNEL-GROUND.

The Siamese, in accordance with their Buddhist religion, cremate their dead, believing that only through the purification of the funeral pyre can a human soul pass to immortality. The *Vat-Saket*, or grand necropolis of Bangkok, is divided into three parts: the crematory, the charnel-ground, and the cemetery. In the former, persons of wealth and rank are incinerated ceremoniously, and their ashes preserved in urns by surviving relatives. Common mortals are turned over to the *saparos*, or employés of the charnel-ground, and their remains committed pell-mell to the flames—certain designated members, such as arms, feet, or intestines, having been previously laid aside for the birds and beasts of prey. Those who die by accident or during an epidemic are hastily buried in shallow graves within the charnel inclosure; then, after a prescribed period, their bodies are disinterred and burned. This is the procedure shown in the curious picture which we reproduce from the *Paris Illustration*.

A WATER-TOBOGGAN.

We reproduce from the London *Graphic* an illustration of the water-toboggan of Captain Boyton, as recently exhibited at the Forestry Exhibition. The flat-bottomed barges, high at the bow and cut off at the stern, were used, descending down the slope with crowds of passengers, and plunging into the water with a force that sent a cloud of spray in all directions.

THE WELSH Eisteddfod.

The National Eisteddfod, the poetic and musical festival of Wales, which has been held annually for nearly eight hundred years, was observed this year at Pontypriid. It was opened with the ceremony of the Gorsedd, one of the interesting features of which was the "sheathing of the sword," with its attendant ceremonies.

A LONDON FAD.

Pall Mall Budget is responsible for the statement that Sedan chairs will probably be a fad of the coming London season. It is hinted that one or two may appear at an early drawing-room.



BELLE OF NELSON Whisky is distilled for the finest trade, and for the purpose is bottled at the distillery in Nelson County, Ky. Is guaranteed to be a hand-made sour mash of the finest quality. No whisky produced ranks higher. No first-class club, hotel, bar or saloon can afford to be without it. Adapted especially for gentlemen's sideboards and for sickness. Price, \$15 per case, containing 12 bottles. Received by us direct from the distillery. Address

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CHILDREN WHO SUFFER

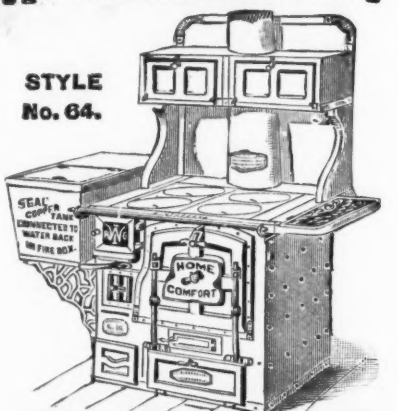


from scrofulous, skin or scalp diseases, ought to be given Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for purifying the blood. For children who are puny, pale or weak, the "Discovery" is a tonic which builds up both flesh and strength. What is said of it for children applies equally to adults. As an appetizing, restorative tonic,

it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, rouses every organ into natural action, and brings back health and strength. In recovering from "grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, and other wasting diseases, it speedily and surely invigorates and builds up the whole system.

For all diseases caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, as Dyspepsia and Biliousness, if it doesn't benefit or cure in every case, the money is returned.

HOME COMFORT



STEEL FAMILY RANGES
Made almost wholly of MALLEABLE IRON and WROUGHT STEEL, will LAST A LIFETIME if properly used.

Sold ONLY BY OUR TRAVELING SALESMEN FROM OUR OWN WAGONS throughout this Country and Canada.

SALES TO JANUARY 1st, 1893, 258,460.

MADE ONLY BY
WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Branch Factory: **TORONTO, ONT.**
Founded 1864. Paid up Capital \$1,000,000.

HOTEL OUTFITTING A SPECIALTY.
See our exhibit No. 44, Section "O," Manufacture Building, World's Columbian Exposition.

The Question
is a simple one—easily decided by reason and common sense.

COTTOLENE

—the new, scientifically prepared shortening—is made from pure beef suet, and highly refined vegetable oil. Lard is made, in the majority of cases, in the packing-house, and not as of old, from the pure leaf of the hog. Which is likely to be the most healthful? Decide for yourself. It must be

COTTOLENE

Send three cents in stamps to N. K. Fairbank & Co., Chicago, for handsome Cottolene Cook Book, containing six hundred recipes, prepared by nine eminent authorities on cooking. Cottolene is sold by all grocers. Refuse all substitutes.

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Chicago, St. Louis, Montreal, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, etc.

The name to remember when buying a **BICYCLE** is A. W. GUMP & CO., DAYTON, OHIO. \$30 to \$50 saved on many new and second-hand Bicycles. Lists free. Over 2000 in stock. Cash or time. Agents wanted.

If You Have

Scrofula,
Sores, Boils, or
any other skin disease,
take

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

the Superior
Blood-Purifier
and Spring Medicine.
Cures others,

will cure you

"Exposition Flyer"

Is the name of the new 20-hour train of the

New York Central

between New York and Chicago, every day
in the year.

This is the fastest thousand-mile train
on the globe, and is second only in speed
to the famous

Empire State Express,

whose record for two years has been the
wonder and admiration of the world of
travel.

The New York Central stands at the
head for the speed and comfort of its trains.
A ride over its line is the finest one-day
railroad ride in the world.

For a copy of the "Luxury of Modern
Railway Travel" send two 2-cent stamps
to GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Pas-
senger Agent, Grand Central Station, New
York.

Judge's Quarterly.

A MAGAZINE OF WIT AND HUMOR.

56 Handsomely Printed Pages.

Profusely Illustrated by the JUDGE Artists.

JUST ISSUED!

COSTS 25 CENTS, AND WORTH A DOLLAR.
BUY IT WHEN OFFERED.

THE PICTURESQUE

West Shore Railroad.

The only All-rail Route running Through Drawing-
Room Cars between
NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA and BLOOMVILLE,
and between Washington, Baltimore, Phila-
delphia, Long Branch,
New York and Kingston to Saratoga and Lake George.

The favorite route of business and pleasure travel between

East, West, Northwest and Southwest.
The fast Express Trains over this line have elegant
Palace and Sleeping Cars between New York, Boston,
Kingston, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester,
Buffalo and Niagara Falls, to Hamilton, Toronto,
Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis without
change. See daily papers for through-car arrange-
ments to the World's Fair. For Tickets, Time Tables and full
information, apply to any Ticket Agent, West Shore Railroad, or address

C. E. LAMBERT, General Passenger Agent,
No. 5 Vanderbilt Ave., New York.

NICKEL PLATE.

The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R.R.

THREE EAST WEST DAILY.

PALACE BUFFET SUPPER DINING
SLEEPERS. CARS.

NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN...
NEW YORK, BOSTON AND CHICAGO
TICKETS SOLD TO ALL POINTS
AT LOWEST RATES.

Baggage Checked to Destination. Special Rates for Parties.

Trains arrive at and depart from Nickel Plate
Depot, corner Twelfth and Clark streets, Chicago;
Union Depot of the Erie Ry. at Buffalo. At Cleve-
land, trains stop at Euclid avenue, Madison ave-
nue, Willson avenue, Broadway, Pearl street,
Lorain street and at Detroit street, from either of
which stations passengers may be conveyed by
street car to any part of the city.

For rates and other information see Agents of
the Nickel Plate Road, or address

L. WILLIAMS, E. P. HORNER,
Gen'l Sup't, Gen'l Pass'r Agent,
CLEVELAND, O.

F. J. MOORE, General Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRIED LADIES need 10 cents for "Infallible Hairbrush"
(no medicine, no deception); just what
you want! Sent in plain sealed wrapper. LADIES' HAIRBRUSH, Boston City, Mass.



Fires!!

the entire system with life-giving warmth and strength
—fires everyone with enthusiastic praise because of its
wonderful purity and appetizing flavor—

Cudahy's Extract of Beef, Rex Brand.

It's pure, lean beef in a preserved form—will retain its
freshness for years and years. Makes delicious soups, gravies,
entrées and bouillon that even the weakest invalid can relish
and digest. Your grocer sells it—they all do.

Send 6 c. to pay postage on a sample can—mailed free.

The Cudahy Packing Co., - South Omaha, Neb.



This is the Goff's Braid, wherever found.
That holds the roll on which is wound
The Braid that is known the world around.

Goff's Braid is more durable and gives
greater satisfaction for a dress binding
than all the substitutes that have had a
temporary run during the past 25 years;
—experienced Dress Makers' word for it.

Any one not finding Goff's Braid on sale
in desired shade, send the name of the house
that could not supply you and four 2-cent
stamps, and we will send a sample roll of any
color wanted to your address prepaid.

D. GOFF & SONS, Pawtucket, R. I.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray
Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

A Robust Fact!

Banks have gone down, large business
houses have failed, and industries have
been paralyzed during the recent financial
flurry, and one fact has stood out during
it all with remarkable distinctness.

The Great Advertisers

of the United States—the concerns that
boldly let their lights shine in reliable
publications—have met the crisis and
passed through it unscathed.

Judicious Advertising,

as a rule, is the best kind of investment.
It brings trade from all parts of the world,
and is at work early and late in the inter-
est of its purchaser. Hence, when trouble
comes and doubts prevail in one part of
the country, the great advertisers have
their returns increased from other sec-
tions, and they are easily able to tide over
the period of depression.

When Buying Space

carefully consider the circulation and per-
manence of the medium, the liability of its
being kept long after issue, the quality of
paper used, and the clearness with which
the advertisements are printed.

We Don't Want

to influence your judgement in suggesting
mediums. Far be it from us to do such
a thing. All we ask is that you will not
waste your good dollars on "trash" papers
when you can procure equal circulation in
standard, high-class publications for the
same money.

'Nuff said.

Good Roads

are an indispensable factor in the high-
est commercial and social prosperity
of this country, and are the crying
need of the times.

Good Insurance at the lowest
possible cost is equally necessary to
the people's welfare.

THE Massachusetts BENEFIT LIFE ASSOCIATION

CAN give it and DOES give it at
60 per cent. of the usual cost.

The Largest and Strongest

Natural-Premium Insurance Co.
of New England.

\$1,000,000 CASH SURPLUS.

The NEW POLICY of the Massachusetts
Benefit Life Association has no superior. It
gives Cash Dividends, Cash Surrender
Values, Paid-Up Insurance, and other
desirable options.

Splendid Openings for Energetic Men to Act as Special,
General and State Agents.

GEO. A. LITCHFIELD, Pres., 53 State St., Boston.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing
fruit lozenge,
very agreeable to take, for

Constipation,
hemorrhoids, bile,
loss of appetite, gastric
and intestinal troubles and
headache arising
from them.

E. GRILLON,
33 Rue des Archives, Paris.
Sold by all Druggists.



DIXON'S AMERICAN PENCILS

Are unequalled for smooth, tough points.
Samples worth double the money for 16c.
Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.
Mention FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

or about to be, read "Nature" for either sex: 112
pages illustrated. The stamp Lee & Co., New York, Mo.

IF MARRIED Your Fall Advertising.

WHERE WILL YOU PLACE IT?

In mediums perused for a day, or
in publications like JUDGE, JUDGE'S
LIBRARY MAGAZINE, and LESLIE'S
WEEKLY, which are kept for a life-
time?

Advertisers who use Judge,

Advertisers who use Leslie's Weekly,

find them to be a permanent paying in-
vestment, the best evidence of which is
the continuous patronage of the largest
and brainiest advertisers.

Our Expert Advertisement Writers

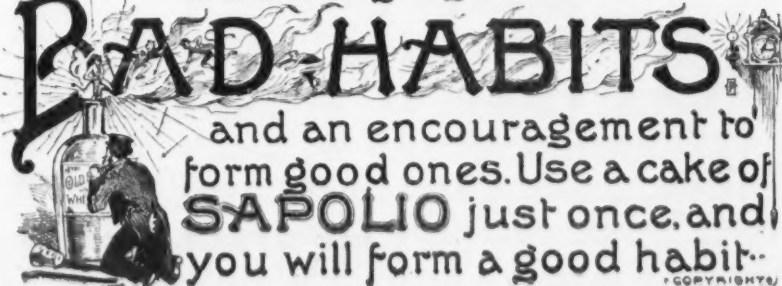
and artists are at the service of patrons.
Tell us what you desire and we will
promptly send you, free of charge, a
proof of a well-displayed condensed ad-
vertisement, containing elements of at-
tractiveness and drawing capacity.

Whenever or However

You advertise, bear in mind that

THESE ARE THE BEST MEDIUMS
IN THE WORLD.

"Once a use, and ever a custom," is
a warning against



and an encouragement to
form good ones. Use a cake of
SAPOLIO just once, and
you will form a good habit.

Worry tells, sadly, on
woman's health and
beauty.

Beecham's Pills

(Worth
a Guinea
a Box.)

(Tasteless)

fortify the nerves and
will help to banish
many an anxiety.

Price 25 cents.

Burlington Route

BEST LINE

CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS

DENVER

FOUR TRAINS DAILY

ERIE LINES.

THE MOST POPULAR ROUTE
TO THE

World's Fair.

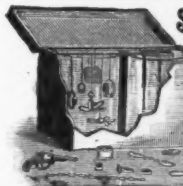
SOLID VESTIBULE TRAINS.

with through Sleepers and Dining Cars, via
CHAUTAUQUA LAKE
AND NIAGARA FALLS

Choice of routes, going and returning.

STOP-OVER PERMITTED.

Excursion tickets on sale at following offices:
401, 261, 291, 849 and 957 Broadway, 106 West street,
Chambers st. and West 23d st. stations, 353 Fulton
st., Brooklyn; 200 Hudson st., Hoboken and Jersey
City Station. Circulars showing routes and rates
can be obtained from Ticket Agents.



\$5 to \$15 per day, at
home, selling
LIGHTNING WATCHES
and jewelry, watches,
tableware, etc. Flates the
finest of jewelry good as
new, on all kinds of metal
with gold, silver or nickel.
No experience. No capital.
Every house has goods need-
ing plating. Wholesale to
agents \$5. Write for cir-
culars. H. E. DELNO &
Co., Columbus, O.

PLAYS

Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club,
and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S.
DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.



FREE A fine 14k gold plated
watch to every
reader of this paper.
Cut this out and send it to us with
your full name and address, and we
will send you one of these elegant,
richly jeweled, gold finished watches
by express for examination, and if
you think it is equal in appearance to
any \$25.00 gold watch pay our sample
price, \$3.50, and it is yours. We send
with the watch our guarantee that
you can return it at any time within
one year if not satisfactory, and if
you sell or cause the sale of six w.
will give you One Free. Write at
once, as we shall send out samples
for 60 days only. Address
THE NATIONAL W'F'G
& IMPORTING CO.,
334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES!! Why Drink Poor Teas?



When you can get the Best at
Cargo prices in any Quantity.
Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets,
Watches, Clocks, Music Boxes,
Cook Books and all kinds of premi-
ums given to Club Agents.
Good Income made by getting
orders for our celebrated goods.
For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.
31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.

P.O. Box 459.



HIS COMMENT.

MAMMA—"It seems to me that Eloise and that young Mr. Wentby are getting a bit too thick."

UNCLE THOMAS—"Elsie is broadenin' out some, ain't she?"

Good Soup, Well Served
how fittingly it begins all good dinners. One pound of

Armour's
Extract of BEEF

will make delicious soup for 6 persons daily for 30 days. We mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

Armour & Co., Chicago.

A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.

YALE MIXTURE

Made by MARBURG BROS.

A Delightful Blend of
St. James Parish, Louisiana,
Perique, Genuine Imported
Turkish, Extra Bright Plug
Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut,
and Marburg Bros.' Cele-
brated Brand "Pickings."

1784. 1893. IN EVERY VARIETY.



FOR HAND
AND
MACHINE
WORK,

Button-sewing, Lace-mak-
ing, Embroidery,
OR OTHER FANCY WORK.

Sold by all Respectable Dealers throughout
the Country.

THE BARBOUR BROS. CO.,
New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis,
San Francisco.

ASK FOR BARBOUR'S.

EARL & WILSON'S.
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS.
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies

—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the
preparation of

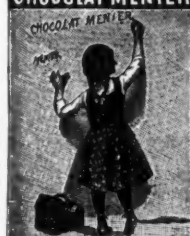
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely
pure and soluble.
It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

CHOCOLAT MENIER



Not as a
Confection,
but as a
Drink,

imparting strength,
aiding digestion, is

Chocolat - Menier most effective.

Not a narcotic, like Tea, Coffee, or
Cocoa, but a strengthening, unadul-
terated FOOD.

Cocoa & Chocolate
ARE NO MORE TO BE COMPARED WITH
EACH OTHER THAN
Skimmed Milk
to Pure Cream.

Pamphlets giving recipes, and sample, by ad-
dressing

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION LBS.
SAMPLES SENT FREE. MENIER, N.Y.
American Branch
Chocolat-Menier
86 W. Broadway,
New York City;
or Menier Bldg.,
World's Fair.

Don't pay money for Water!

A Solid Extract of Beef is more Eco-
nomical than a liquid, for the reason that
it is concentrated, and housekeepers
will find it much cheaper to

BUY
LIEBIG COMPANY'S
Extract of Beef,
a solid, concentrated extract, free from
fat and gelatine or any foreign sub-
stance, and dissolve it themselves.

The genuine has this *Liebig* signature on the jar in blue.

COOPER'S FLORAL DENTINE.

OH! SO NICE!



So popular with the Ladies
for rendering their teeth
pearly white.
With the Gentlemen for
cleansing their teeth and
perfuming the breath. It
removes all traces of tobacco
smoke, is perfectly
harmless and delicious to
the taste.
Sent by mail for 25 CENTS.
At all dealers. Send 2-cent
stamp for sample to

E. Cooper & Hardenburgh, Chemists, Kingston, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING
SHADE ROLLERS

Beware of Imitations.
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